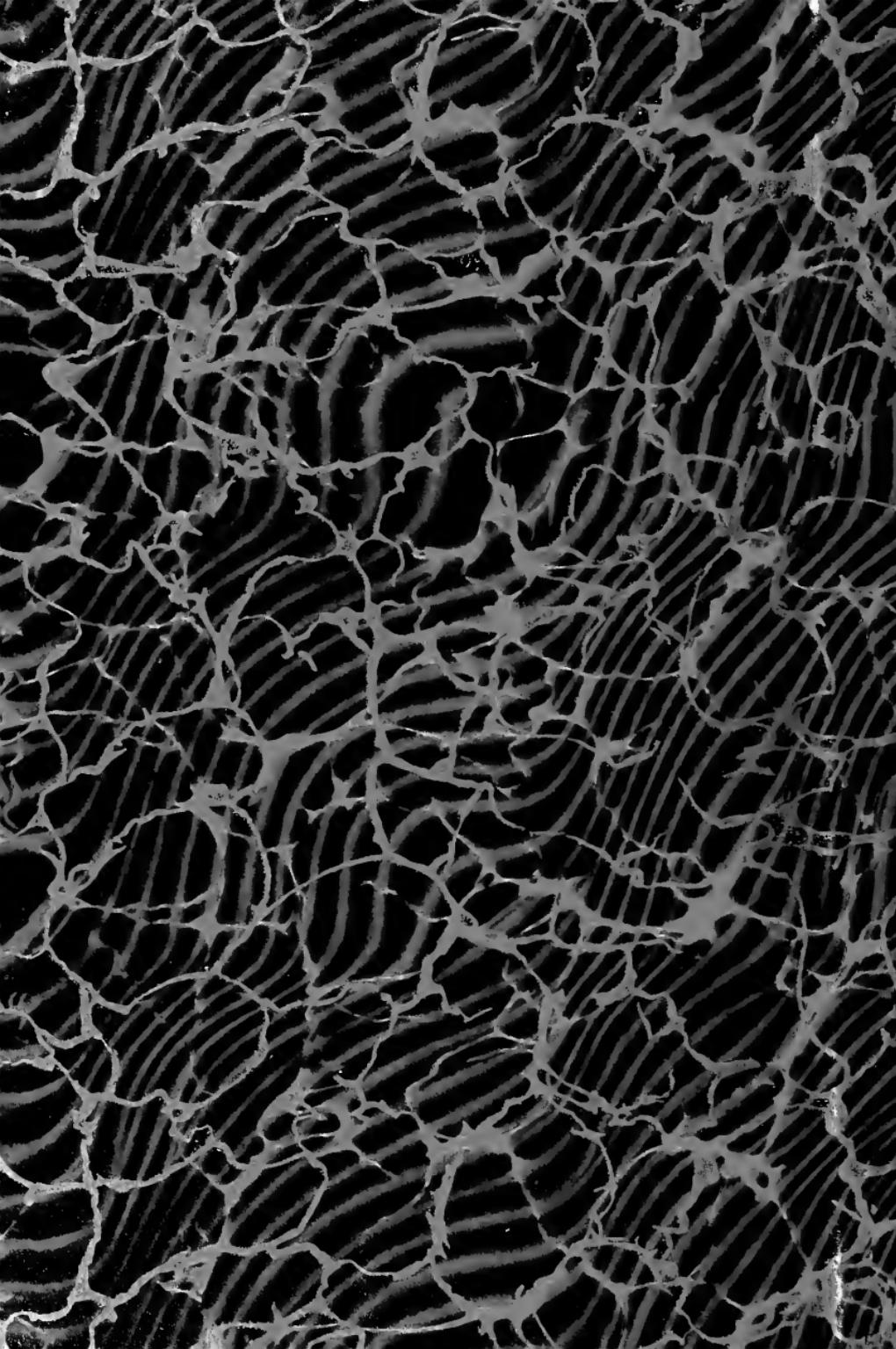
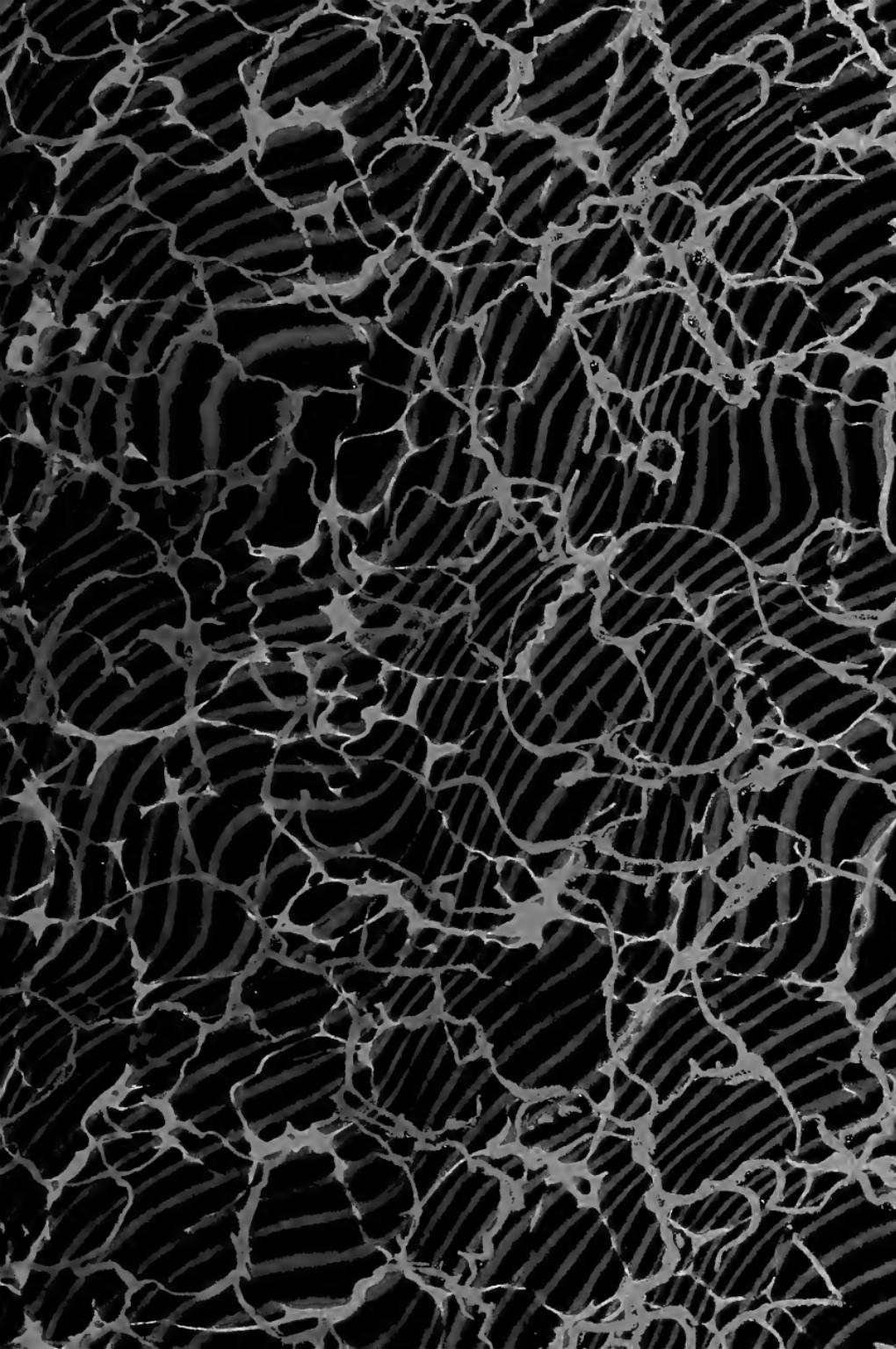


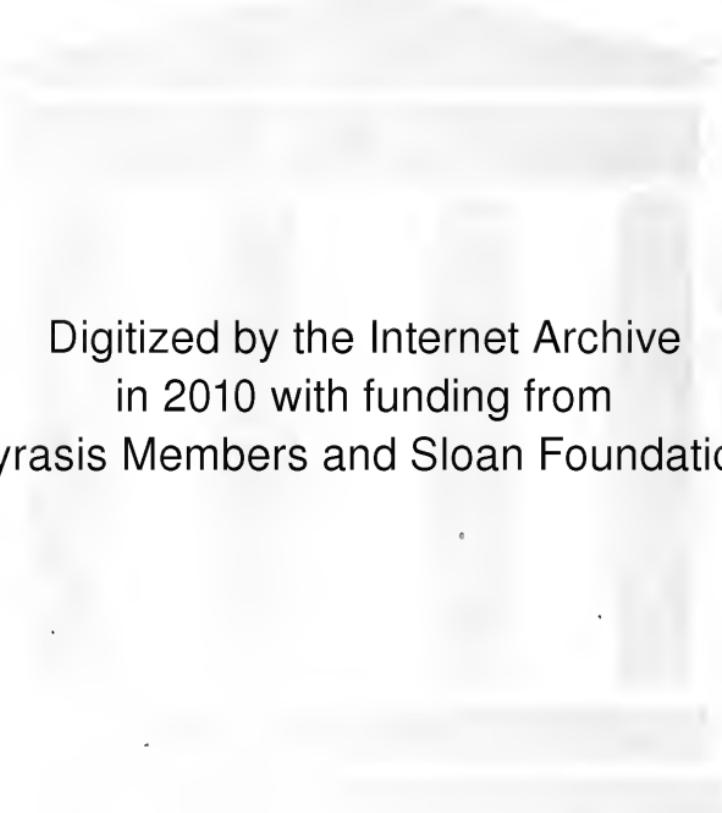
# THE CALYX



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS  
WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIV.







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No. 6



J.H. Bozeman

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS  
OF  
WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.





# ..The Calyx..

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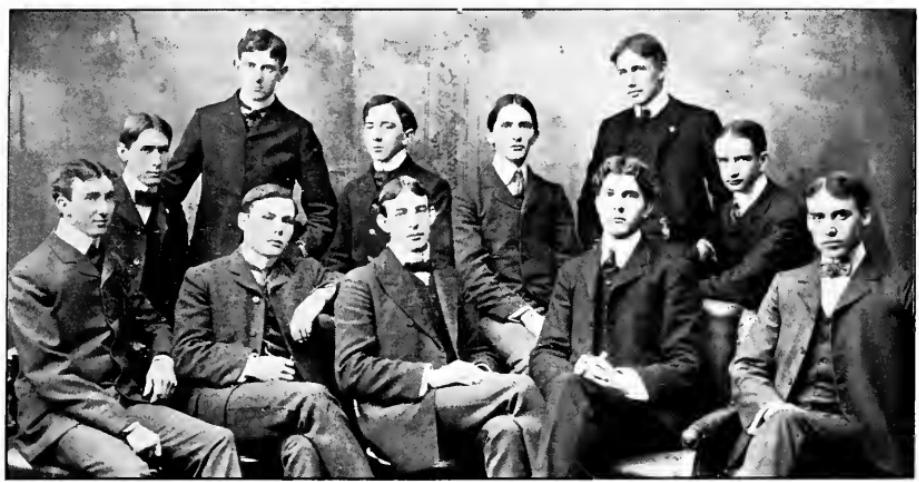
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BOARD OF EDITORS.

# Greeting



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*Again, as the fruits and flowers of Spring  
To all mankind their fragrance bring.*

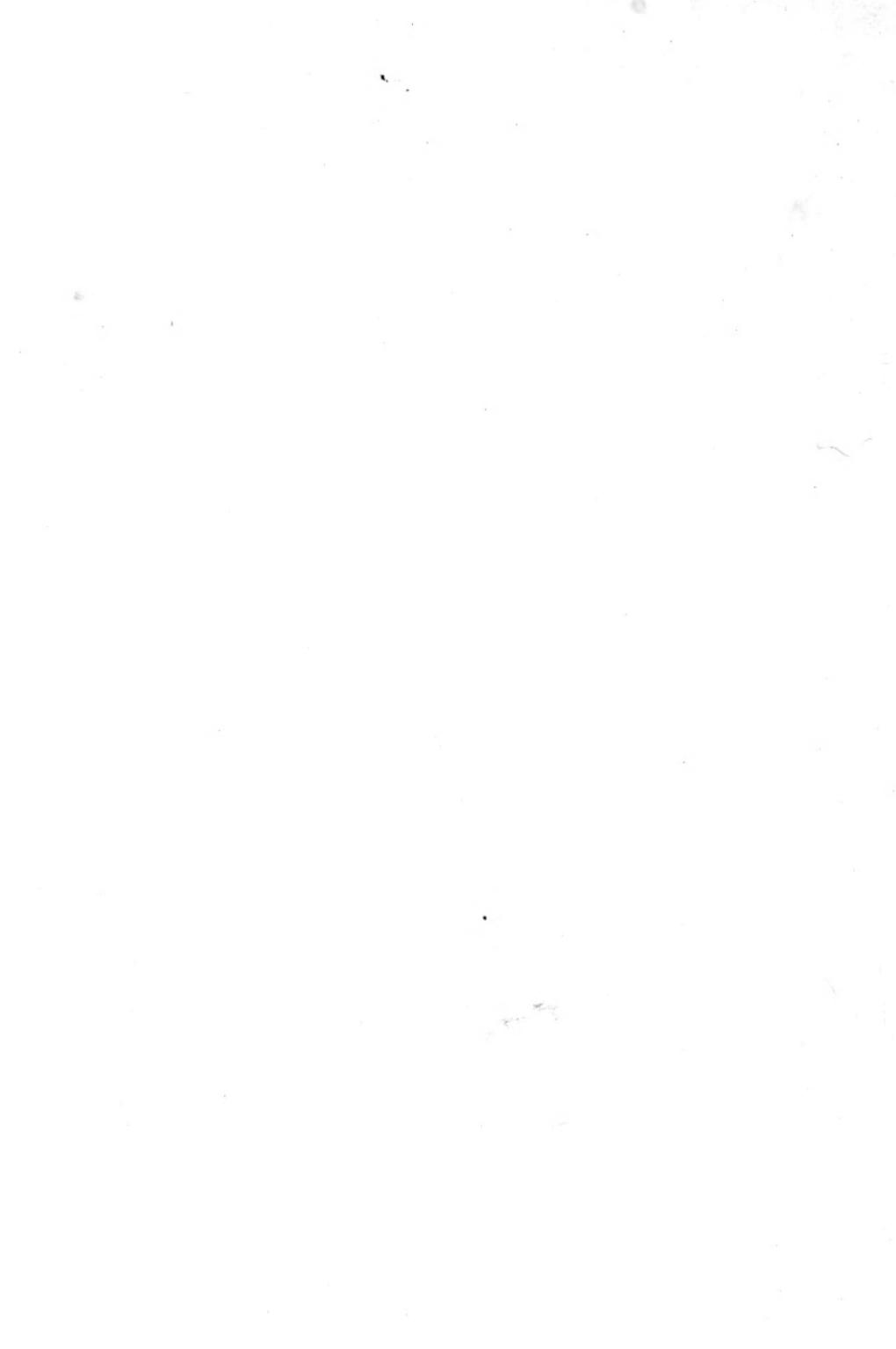
*So, in this gladsome season, too,*

*The Catylx brings its greeting to you.*

*It comes with good wishes of peace and joy,  
Of happiness perfect without alloy,  
To every one.*

*And if its pages may seem to you fair,  
Or lift from your life a moment of care,  
Its mission is done.*

To the Memory of  
William Lyne Wilson





# PREFACE

We, who are about to be criticised, salute you. Once more has THE CALYX come to judgment. In its pages the attempt has been made to picture the life of the University during the session that is now coming to a close. The grave and the gay, the mirthful and the earnest side of University life have been mingled together into

a picture which we trust

is complete and not overdrawn. Whether such is the case or not, it is not becoming in us to say. That remains to the judgment of our indulgent readers. We can only say that we have endeavored to do so, that we have labored with that end in view, and beg that our readers will temper the severity of their strictures with the recollection

that we were selected to do the work late in the session, after the resignation of the former editors, and have constantly labored under the disadvantage of having little, if any, artistic talent or assistance in the University.

To that severest of critics, the student body, we extend thanks for the assistance which they have so courteously withheld. Let them consider the fact that, if they had been as enthusiastic in the support of the book as they are in its criticisms, there would have been less room for finding fault. To those who did lend valuable aid, not only in a material way, but also by their encouraging words, we extend our sincere thanks. We also wish to thank the loyal Alumni and friends of the University who so freely loaned us their talents and their arts, among whom we especially wish to thank Mr. Howell C. Featherston, of Lynchburg, Va.; Mr. Arnold Gierstell and Miss Elizabeth Salisbury, of Chicago; Mr. Melvin Barclay, of Baltimore; Mr. C. H. Constable, of Virginia; Mr. R. W. Flournoy, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. G. C. Powell, of Norfolk, Va.

We further desire to express our appreciation of the kindness of President McKinley, Hon. William J. Bryan, ex-Governor Chas. T. O'Farrall, ex-United States Senator Fairchild, Dr. Lawrence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Parker Willis, of Washington and Lee University, in contributing their valued articles on the life and character of Mr. Wilson.

-IN-MEMORIAM-



R.W.F. Lowmyer Jr.

-WILLIAM-LYNE-WILSON-





SESSION 1900-1901 begins 9 A. M., Thursday, September 13.

EXAMINATIONS OF FIRST TERM begin Wednesday, December 12.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY begins 3 P. M., Saturday, December 22.

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## 1901.

SECOND TERM begins 9 A. M., Friday, January 4.

LEE MEMORIAL DAY, suspension, Saturday, January 19.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRAHAM-LEE LITERARY SOCIETY, 8 P. M., Saturday, January 19.

WASHINGTON MEMORIAL DAY, suspension, Friday, February 22.

ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY, 8 P. M., Friday, Feb. 22.

EXAMINATIONS OF SECOND TERM begin Wednesday, March 20.

SUSPENSION, Monday, April 1.

THIRD TERM begins 9 A. M., Tuesday, April 2.

LIBERTY HALL DAY, Thursday, May 9.

EXAMINATIONS OF THIRD TERM begin Tuesday, June 4.

COMMENCEMENT, June 16-20.



## Interlude.

---

Here's the Board of Trustees,  
Who are all D. D.'s  
    Of the Calvin school, you know ;  
In ethics they're fine,  
As in all things divine.  
    But in up-to-date schemes they're slow.



# CORPORATION.

Legal Title: "The Washington and Lee University."

REV. GIVENS BROWN STRICKLER, D.D., RECTOR, 1899.

## Trustees.

WILLIAM ANDERSON GLASGOW, 1865.  
WILLIAM ALEXANDER ANDERSON, 1885.  
ALEXANDER TEDFORD BARCLAY, 1885.  
REV. EDWARD CLIFFORD GORDON, D. D., 1888.  
\*WILLIAM CARUTHERS PRESTON, 1893.  
REV. GIVENS BROWN STRICKLER, D. D., 1894.  
CLEMENT DANIEL FISHBURNE, 1896.  
REV. ROBERT HANSON FLEMING, D. D., 1898.  
JUDGE WILLIAM PAXTON HOUSTON, 1898.  
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LUCIAN HOWARD COCKE, 1898.  
WILLIAM INGLES, 1899.  
REV. AUGUSTUS HOUSTON HAMILTON, 1899.

JOHN LYLE CAMPBELL, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, 1877.

\*Died March 10, 1901.

## FACULTY AND OFFICERS.

« « « WITH DATE OF APPOINTMENT. » » »

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS LEE, LL. D., 1897.  
*President Emeritus.*

\*WILLIAM LYNE WILSON, LL. D., 1897.  
*President.*

### FACULTY.

ALEXANDER LOCKHART NELSON, M. A., 1854.  
*Cincinnati Professor of Mathematics.*

JAMES ADDISON QUARLES, D. D., L. L. D., 1886.  
*Professor of Philosophy.*

HENRY DONALD CAMPBELL, M. A., Ph. D., 1887.  
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DAVID CARLISLE HUMPHREYS, C. E., 1889.  
*Scott Professor of Civil Engineering.*

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*Professor of History.*

ADDISON HOGUE, 1893.  
*Corcoran Professor of Greek.*

JAMES LEWIS HOWE, Ph. D., M. D., 1894.  
*Bayly Professor of Chemistry.*

WILLIAM SPENSER CURRELL, M. A., Ph. D., 1895.  
*Professor of English.*

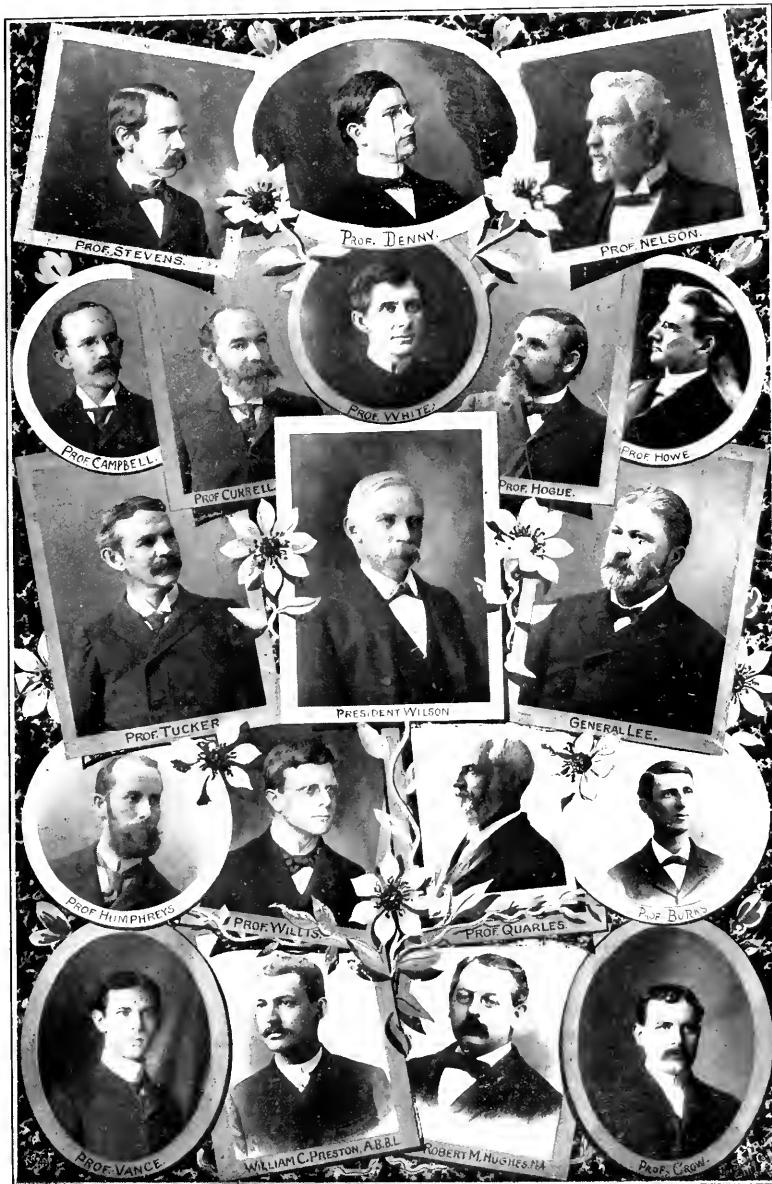
HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, M. A., B. L., LL. D., 1897.  
*Dean, and Professor of Equity and Corporation Law, and of Constitutional  
and International Law.*

HENRY PARKER WILLIS, Ph. D., 1898.  
*Professor of Economics and Political Science.*

WALTER LE CONTE STEVENS, Ph. D., 1898.  
*McCormick Professor of Physics.*

WILLIAM REYNOLDS VANCE, M. A., Ph. D., B. L., 1899.  
*Professor of Commercial Law.*

\*Died October 17, 1900.



THE FACULTY.

GEORGE HUTCHESON DENNY, M. A., Ph. D., 1899.  
*Professor of Latin.*

MARTIN PARKS BURKS, A. B., B. L., 1899.  
*Professor of Common and Statute Law.*

CHARLES Langley CROW, M. A., Ph. D., 1899.  
*Adjunct Professor of Modern Languages.*

FRANK T. GLASGOW, A. B., B. L., 1900.  
*Assistant Professor of Law.*

---

### INSTRUCTORS.

WILLIAM WERTENBAKER, 1900.  
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ROBERT ERNEST HUTTON, Ph. D., 1898.  
*Instructor in Electrical Engineering.*

LIVINGSTON WADDELL SMITH, M. A., 1900.  
*Instructor in Mathematics.*

WILLIAM PINKERTON OTT, A. B., 1900.  
*Assistant in Latin and English.*

WILLIAM DEWEY COOKE, 1900.  
*Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory.*

ERNEST FRANKLIN DEACON, 1900.  
*Assistant in the Physical Laboratory.*

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### OFFICERS.

JOHN LYLE CAMPBELL, B. L., 1877.  
*Secretary of the Faculty.*

MISS ANNIE ROBERTSON WHITE, 1895.  
*Librarian.*

ARTHUR BERNHARDT KNIPMEYER, 1900.  
*Law Librarian.*

AMMEN LEWIS BURGER, 1900.  
*Assistant Custodian of Reading Room.*



## The Alumni Association.

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### Officers.

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H. D. CAMPBELL, VIRGINIA, Secretary.  
WILLIAM M. McELWEE, VIRGINIA, Treasurer.

---

### Executive Committee.

H. D. CAMPBELL, CHAIRMAN.  
M. W. PAXTON, WM. M. McELWEE, JR.  
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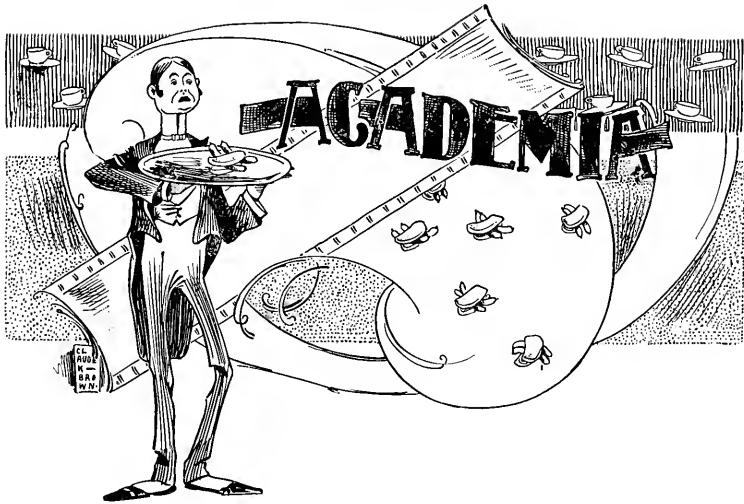


## Our Fallen Chieftan.

---

"Twas fitting that our chieftan's fall was timed  
Toadden hours wise nature planned for grief.  
The frosted field, the garnered grain, and sheen  
Of mountain side, are but a prophecy  
Fulfilled, the young year made when flushed with youth,  
That all the best of life it had to give  
Would be sublime maturity in death.  
And so with him who passed the shadow-land  
Of yesterday ; his life—the perfect faith  
That conquered death ; his character—a light,  
The beacon's glare along a shore of rocks ;  
His work—the promise of a purer day  
In public life ; his death—the gathered fruit  
Of all his years of toil—our love for him.  
The dark-stained leaves, deep red and brown and gold,  
Are pressing down in silence o'er his grave—  
A kingly mantle nature spared for him,  
Her noblest son. And as they fall, and from  
Their whisperings, there comes a stern last voice  
To us, "And may God speed you in your work."

A. G. J.





## *MY DREAM.*

---

As graceful as the stately swan that swims  
upon the lake,

As lovely as a bird of paradise ;  
With a sweet, alluring face that makes my  
heart to palpitate ;  
But how shall I describe my darling's  
eyes ?

Those brilliant orbs, the portals to a heart  
and soul so pure ;

Those witching eyes, so sparkling, yet so  
kind ;  
Far brighter than any gem this earth has  
ever seen ;  
No softer ones in heaven will you find.



## Senior Class Roll.

---

### MATTHEW SAGE ANDREWS, Δ T Δ.

Landed at Shepherdstown, W. Va., July 15, 1879. Entered college in 1898, on a scholarship from Woodberry Forest High School. Was awarded Byerly scholarship, '98-'99, and Earley English Text Society prize, '99-'00. Is a base ball fiend. Was pitcher team of '99, captain team of '00, playing pitcher and third base; captain team '01, playing left field. Won prize in tennis tournament, singles and doubles, '99. Treasurer of Athletic Association, '99-'00. Secretary Athletic Association, '00-'01. Vice-President class of 1901. Expects to teach, write history and play base ball.

### ROBERT WALLER BLAIN.

Was born June 19, 1879, at Christiansburg, Va. In September, '96, followed the example of numerous older brothers and entered Washington and Lee. During the sessions of '97-'98 and '99-'00 he emptied his surcharged brain into the heads of some small boys and returned in '00-'01 to reload. By this time he had gained so much dignity that he was unanimously chosen to preside over Graham-Lee. He will be an A. B. in June.

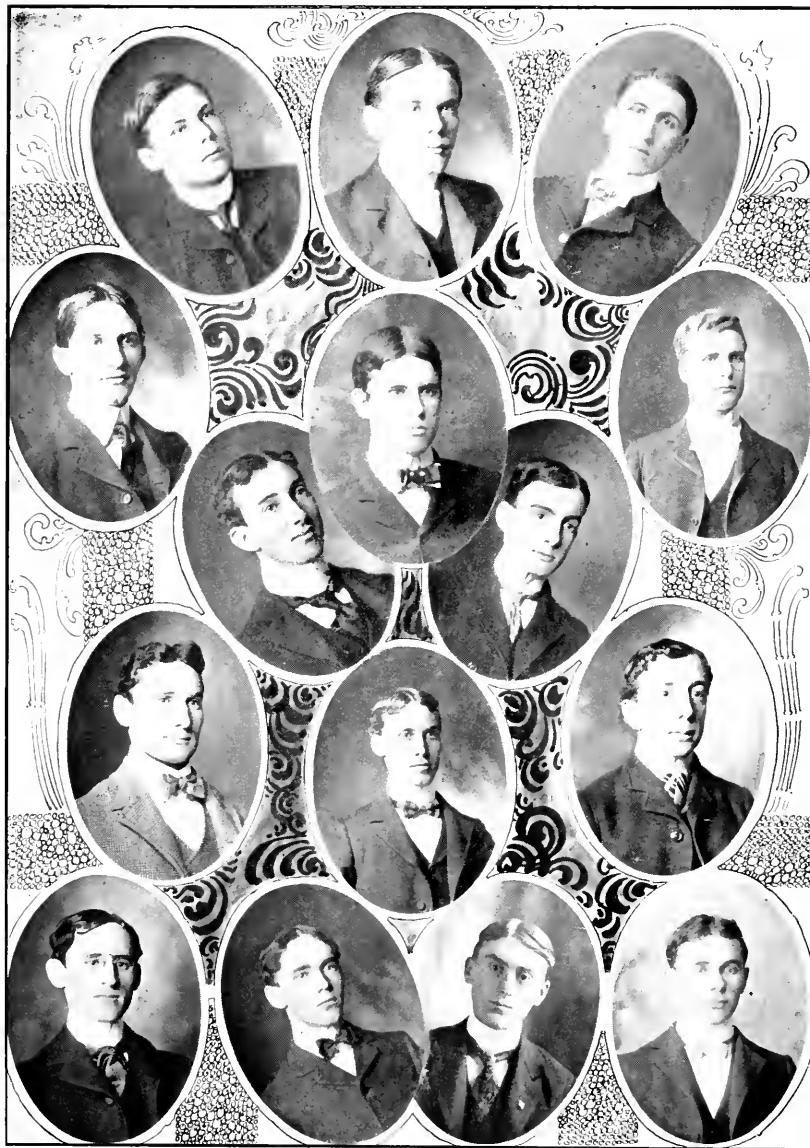
### THOMAS ALEXANDER BLEDSOE, Σ N.

Arrived in Staunton, Va., May 1, 1881, when all the planets were in opposition. This situation of the heavenly bodies made him oppose mankind in general. Probably, too, this made him a football player, for during the last three years of his college course he played left end on the football team and was captain of the team '00-'01.

He was an associate editor of the *Collegian* in '98-'99; assistant editor in '99-'00; and is assistant editor of this volume of the *CALYX*. President of class '01, and treasurer of the Athletic Association '00-'01. He hopes to be visited in June by the baccalaureate sheep.

### ERNEST FRANKLIN DEACON.

It is generally supposed that a man must have a birthday and a birthplace, but as neither the time nor the place is known to this omniscient board of editors, it is to be supposed that they are unknown to the world at large. It is a well known fact that he entered college in '95. In '98-'99 and '99-'00 he played on the foot ball team. He won the scholarship in engineering in '98-'99; is the instructor in Physics for the year '00-'01, and expects to use his B. S. degree in constructing fortifications in the Philippines.



WILLIAM JACKSON ELGIN,  $\Phi\ K\ \Sigma$ .  
"THE LADIES."

In the recent contest among some seven or eight cities each claimed that this illustrious gentleman first saw the light within its own walls. But it seems at present to be an accepted fact that he was born in Leesburg, Va., November 26, 1875. As his more recent acts are now recorded in several histories, we find no trouble in collecting the following data: He entered Washington and Lee in September, '93. In '94 he played centre on the football team; in '95 he pulled No. 3 in the Harry Lee boat. From this time till September, '99, no trace can be found of him in the college annals. When he did reappear he held down "centre" again on the football team, and won the chemistry scholarship. He is now *engaged* in the calico business. It is to be hoped this business will not cause him to lose his B. S. degree.

JOHN KIRKPATRICK GRAVES,  $\Sigma\ X$ .

On October 16, 1881, the already overflowing population of Lexington, Va., was materially increased by the birth of John Kirkpatrick Graves. He has always been at college, tho' his official connection did not begin till September, 1896. In '98 he won the racket given to the champion in the tennis tournament. In '98-'99 he viewed the diamond from behind the bars and won honor on the gridiron. After a year's absence he again appeared as a figure in college life, this time to again play football and help to manage this volume. He will carry away a sheepskin labeled "A. B."

BOLIVAR FINLEY JOHNSON.

Born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, January 13, 1878. He is too modest to speak of his ancestry. He entered college September, 1898, and for aught the faculty knows he has never been drunk. Consequently he has been awarded the Taylor Scholarship, 1898-99, Franklin Society Scholarship, 1899-00. He expects to depart in June with a B. S. affixed to his name, and will probably locate in the Transvaal. Thinks he will remain a bachelor.

RICHARD COLLINS LORD,  $M\ \Pi\ A$ .

He came from Anchorage, Kentucky, where he was born January 4, 1882, and received his education along with some twenty other girls at his father's school. The James J. White scholarship fell to him in '98-'99, and the Curtis Lee in '99. He is a member of the Graham-Lee Society. Lately he has developed a tendency to evolve sarcastic witticisms, and to see him convulsed with attempts to get off ponderous personal remarks is very amusing to his friends. They are trusting that he will grow wiser in coming years. Boys will be boys.

WILLIAM CARROLL MOORE.

This gentleman was born in Fairfield, Virginia, November 18, 1880, and entered Washington and Lee during the session of 1896-'97. He at once became, in company with E. D. Ott, the political manipulator of the Washington Society, where he has since held many offices, being President of the Society during the present session, and Vice-President of the Final Celebration, '01. He was Vice-President of his class '99-'01. He served as Associate Editor on the Collegian '99-'01, and has been its successful business manager during the present session. He will take an A. B., but has not yet decided in what life vocation he will exercise his talents.

JOHN J. OBERLIN.

This perfect specimen of manhood first appeared on this mundane sphere in Clarion County, Pennsylvania. He entered the University during the sessions of

1895-96, and at once became distinguished in scholarship and on the athletic field, taking the Byerly scholarship, and making a record as centre on the football team which has become one of the college traditions. During the same sessions he pulled an oar on the Albert Sydney crew. On his return the next year he captured the Physics scholarship, pulled again on the Albert Sydney crew, and played a tackle on the football team. During 1897-98 he played tackle again, and during the present session appeared once on the football field in his old position. He will take an A. B.

#### EVERETT DULANEY OTT.

His words are sweeter than honey. E. D. O. was born November 21, 1881, at Harrisonburg, Va. In '97 the Alumni, having the good of both their Alma Mater and Mr. Ott at heart, sent him to Washington and Lee. From the first he identified himself most closely with Washington Literary Society. He was president of his society at the Intermediate Celebration, February 22, 1900, and won the final orator's medal in June of the same year. The A. B. degree is now the goal of his ambition.

#### WILLIAM PINKERTON OTT, M. A.

Midway, Va., may some day be proud that she first sheltered William Pinkerton Ott. Here he commenced this weary life on the 12th of December, 1876. In '96 he entered Washington and Lee. He might have made a success at college had he not ruined his chances by continually trying to grub Greek roots. This exercise was probably good for him, as he finally succeeded in carrying off various prizes, the most important of which are, an A. B. degree, the Mapleson scholarship, and lastly an M. A.

#### GABRIEL BEUVIST SHIELDS, Σ X Θ N E.

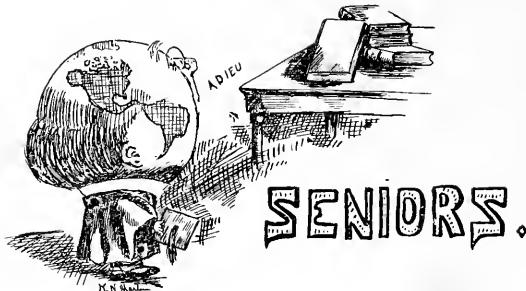
Lexington has the honor of being the birthplace of this gentleman, where he first saw the light on November 4, 1880. He entered college 1896-'97, and his academic career has been marked by persistent work and study. He differs from the Gabriel of Longfellow's Evangeline, in that the former was loved by only one girl, while he is beloved by the student body. He is now studying law, but his immediate vocation is in getting out of bed.

#### AMERICUS FREDERIC WHITE.

This gentleman and scholar was born at Lewisburg, West Virginia, June 21, 1876. It being foreordained that he should come to Washington and Lee, he entered in 1894 and dragged out two years of more or less miserable existence. After being absent for one year he returned much refreshed at the idea of Patsy and the Iambic Law. Having completed this course with honors (won over Bill Laughlin's parrot), he returned to the home of his fathers. He at last returned in 1900 with the bloom of youth still upon his cheek, and with the grim determination of taking Sissy's Physics. He receives his A. B. degree 1901. Expects to make teaching his profession.

#### WILLIAM CAMERON YOUNG, Φ K Ψ.

Appeared in Shelby County, Kentucky, December 1, 1880, when the warring factions had proclaimed a truce. Has a remarkable record, having lived in the "blue grass" state all his life and never been in a fight. Has a very sweet and docile disposition, which procured for him the position of Vice-President of Graham-Lee Literary Society, '99-'00. Also served as secretary of that Society in the same session. Will take A. B. in June. Expects to operate a distillery in his native state.



## History of Seniors.

---

REALIZING that several classes with histories have preceded ours and that "there is nothing new under the sun, for all things that can be have been done," and knowing that class histories form an unimportant tho' necessary part of a college annual, that part to which is usually accorded the least attention, the class of '01 offers no apology for having a history, but respectfully submits that it is helpless in the matter—like the bulldog that had the fight, the baby that had the croup and the professor that wrote the book, it is the nature of the brute. Nevertheless, to the reader whose casual glance may linger for an instant over this record we hasten to give the assurance that this is positively our last appearance on the stage and feel confident that this will insure to us his patient indulgence.

Besides enjoying the distinction of being the first class graduated from the University this century, the class of '01 congratulates itself that its history cannot begin with the traditional "four years ago our class had its beginning." This does not mean that we have been striving here from time immemorial to have the coveted A.B. affixed to our names, but it is due to the fact that a majority of the class did not enter the University then, but at various times before or since that date. Thus the

historian is put to the disadvantage of not being able to assign any definite origin to his class and is compelled to invent a new style of introduction.

Previous editions of our history, born of the inspiration of worthier pens, have in elaborate detail described those indescribable sensations that ought to have thrilled our anatomies as we stepped from the rear end of the "F. F. V." upon the platform of the "Union Depot" and inhaled for the first time the atmosphere of "rarified learning" which hovers over the "Athens of Virginia." Then it was that our tympanic membranes first vibrated to the rhythmic intonation of the long yell, to which they were destined to respond many times during the ensuing months, and then first we felt the pressure of the college politician's "glad hand," as he assured us of his extreme delight at meeting our esteemed selves, manifesting such an interest in our welfare that we began to think our name and fame had surely preceded us to this historic seat of learning. This theory was more firmly established when, not knowing that there is more joy in the faculty over one new matriculate than over the ninety and nine whose names are already on the books, we witnessed the rapture of the professors as they greeted us, and with its confirmation in our minds the development of freshmanic propensities followed in natural sequence; for notwithstanding our dignified and scholarly bearing as seniors we were not always thus.

As freshmen, carried away by the novelty of the situation, and borne along by the exuberance of our college spirit, we vied with the faculty in our promptness and regular attendance at Wednesday morning chapel and as regularly graced the meetings in the lower chapel with our presence. Time does not permit us to tell with what misgivings we first "rode" a "jack" or tried a "cut," but practice in these arts soon brought us to perfection, tho' it required some training to know how to "bluff" the faculty and "*ad interim*" we "flunked" disastrously.

Incited by the glowing account in the catalogue of the scholarships and honors, which were apparently no easier read about than won, we were constrained at this susceptible period of our existence to "put forth the tender leaves of hope," fully expecting them to blossom and in due time "bear our blushing honors thick upon us," but with exams came "a frost, a killing frost."

Awakened from the iridescent dreams of our freshman days to the stern realization that we were not to be carried to our degrees "on flowery beds of ease," but "must fight to win the prize," we threw ourselves into the struggle with the odds against us on account of the opposing forces' experience and thorough familiarity with the ground of conflict. Passing epidemics of flunking have claimed victims from our midst, but by ever pressing the fight and increasing our points of defense we have been enabled yearly to better resist the assaults of the enemy and to look

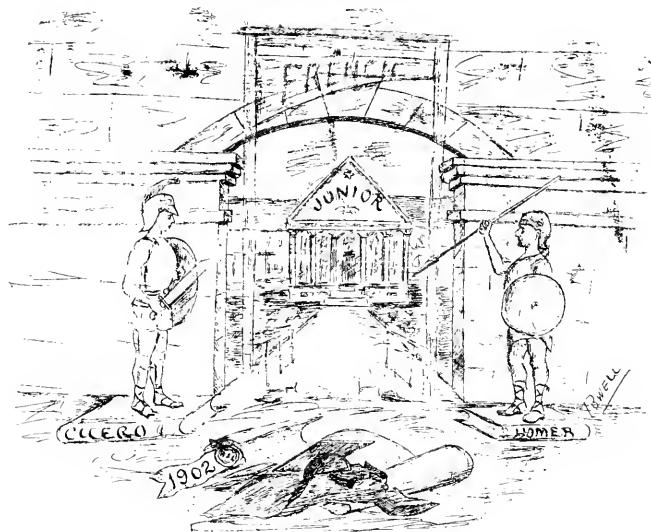
forward with more certainty to that consummation of our labors which we have so devoutly wished for. As this goes to press the news comes that the negotiations are pending for the signing of the treaties of peace which are to be ratified by the board of trustees.

It would, of course, require volumes to give the many achievements which have distinguished the different members of our class, but it will suffice to mention a few. For two years the forces of the University have been successfully captained on the diamond by one of our number, and visiting teams have experienced great difficulty in "getting onto his curves." In foot-ball, too, we have not been without representatives, while that Demosthenes to whose thunderous eloquence the walls of the Wash have often resounded is numbered among us. Altogether, we think we are safe in calling this the most brilliant graduating class of the century.

W. C. G.







## Class of 1902.

---

W. D. COOKE..... President  
 R. W. CRAWFORD..... Vice-President  
 WM. G. McDOWELL, JR. .... Secretary and Treasurer

---

### Yell.

Hippi! Hippi! Hi! Pi!  
 W. L. U.  
 Rip! Zip! Ki! Yi!  
 1902.

---

Class Colors: Black and Old Gold.

## Members.

WILLIAM ALLAN, $\Phi.$ $\Gamma.$ $\Delta$ .....	Lexington, Virginia
CLEMENT A. BOAZ, $\Sigma.$ $N$ .....	Fort Worth, Texas
E. W. G. BOOGER.....	Lexington, Virginia
EDWARD E. BOOKER, $K.$ $\Sigma.$ $\Theta.$ $N.$ $E.$ $\Sigma$ .....	Lexington, Virginia
WILLIAM DEWEY COOKE, $\Delta.$ $T.$ $\Delta$ .....	Staunton, Virginia
ROBERT W. CRAWFORD, $\Sigma.$ $\Psi$ .....	Strasburg, Virginia
BEVERLY D. CAUSEY, $\Delta.$ $T.$ $\Delta$ .....	Suffolk, Virginia
WILLIAM T. ELLIS, JR., $\Sigma.$ $N$ .....	Masonville, Kentucky
OHEY TURK FEAMSTER, $\Phi.$ $\Delta.$ $\Theta$ .....	Lewisburg, West Virginia
HENRY B. GRAYBILL, $\Phi.$ $\Delta.$ $\Theta$ .....	Lewisburg, West Virginia
JAMES HARLAND HITER, $\Sigma.$ $A.$ $E$ .....	Kansas City, Missouri
JAMES M. HUTCHESON, $K.$ $A$ .....	Rockbridge Baths, Virginia
H. ROBINSON KEEBLE, $\Phi.$ $\Delta.$ $\Theta$ .....	Abilene, Texas
WILLIAM JETT LAUCK, $M.$ $\Pi.$ $A.$ — $\Theta.$ $N.$ $E$ .....	Keyser, West Virginia
CHARLES S. McNULTY, $\Phi.$ $K.$ $\Sigma$ .....	Monterey, Virginia
W. D. McDOWELL.....	Lexington, Virginia
JAMES W. MARSHALL, $\Phi.$ $\Delta.$ $\Theta$ .....	Richmond, Virginia
THOMAS M. MORRISON.....	Lexington, Virginia
WILLIAM S. ROBERTSON, $\Sigma.$ $X.$ $\Sigma$ .....	Richmond, Virginia
ALEXANDER H. S. ROUSS, $\Phi.$ $K.$ $\Psi$ .....	Kabletown, West Virginia
GRIER S. SMILEY.....	Moffatt's Creek, Virginia
THOMAS C. WILSON.....	Brownsburg, Virginia
DAVID E. WITT, $M.$ $\Pi.$ $A$ .....	Lexington, Virginia
C. H. YOUNG.....	Christiansburg, Kentucky



## History of the Class of 1902.

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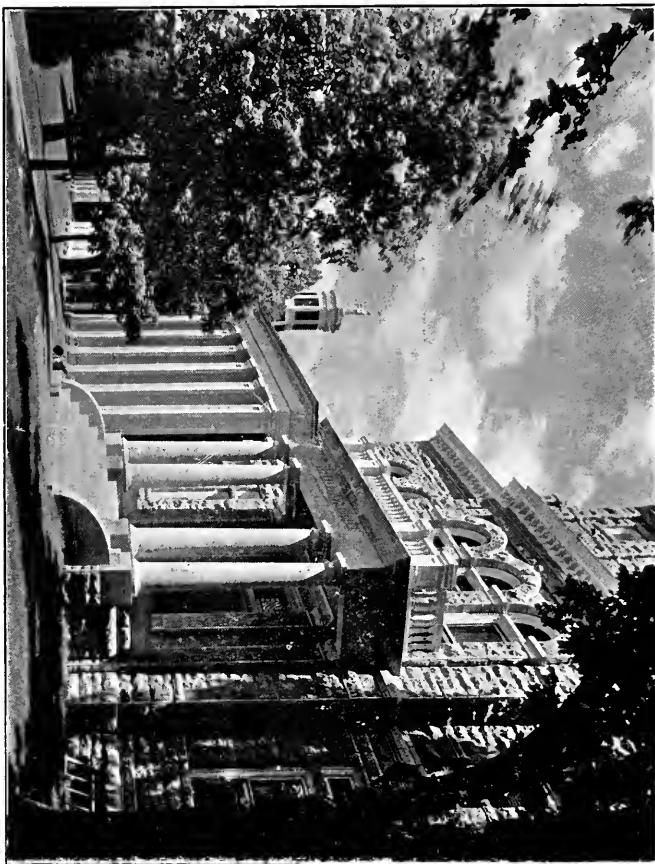
IN the fall of '98 we were instilled into the veins of Washington and Lee like some powerful, life-giving tonic. Instantly the old university began to rouse from the lethargy into which she had fallen and the students as a body began to show signs of life.

In the days of our "fiefdom" we had listened to and read many marvelous tales of the thrilling experiences of college life. We came expecting to enter upon an idyllic existence in which calathumps, class rushes, fights with our neighbors, dances, banquets and moonlight promenades would be the leading features. At first, we were not disappointed. We came into the midst of the last great contest for the Final Ball Presidency. As representatives of the great independent voice we were counted by both sides until the election had passed. Then we noticed a great change. Our elders who had been so kind and accommodating seem to suddenly forget our names and we awoke from our dreams to find before us the prosaic prospect of a year of hard work. So with nothing else to do, we settled down to work. Even in this we showed our diversified talents. Many of us undertook to study the lessons which our instructors had assigned us. Others found it more profitable to study the instructors themselves. Not a few began to study to make themselves acceptable in the sight of the "calic" who beset our path. The rest devoted themselves to different lives according to their tastes, some seeking profit, others pleasure and still others combining the two to an eminent degree.

Before the close of our first year, we decided to make life more endurable by perfecting a class organization. Accordingly, by us was a new precedent established in the University and by it shall we be held in remembrance forever.

In the fall of '99, we returned with the determination that the incoming freshmen should not be troubled with the *ennui* with which we had suffered. Accordingly, we proceeded to make things interesting for them. After numerous persecutions at our hands, their latent spirit was aroused and at our instigation and under our leadership was the first class rush brought about in Washington and Lee. By this time the college world had begun to get used to our presence and ceased to be surprised at our bold and original innovations.

Our next scheme was to elect no less a personage than George Washington and to commit into his hand our sacred banner. The freshmen took this act as a challenge and essayed to capture it. Then ensued the bloody Battle for the Flag. Its story has been told often before, and our gallant defense against the combined forces





of freshmen and seniors has become a matter of college history. As to the result, it is sufficient to say that the flag is still in our possession, and so long as we shall live, its sacred folds, hallowed with memories, shall float over our every reunion as a tie to bind us more closely together.

We closed our sophomore year with a brilliant class banquet—the first that Washington and Lee had ever known. There we renewed our fealty to our class and pledged ourselves to perpetuate its *esprit de corps* in the future.

Since entering upon the dignity of our junior year, we have not allowed ourselves to lose our old enthusiasm but have labored to keep alive the precedents which we have established and to make ourselves felt for the good of our Alma Mater. Never did one class more nearly monopolize college honors, never was a class more united in friendship and good felling, never did any class do more for general college spirit. May the principles which we have cherished be perpetuated by our successors forever.

H. R. K.



## Class of 1903.

### Class yell.

Ciss Boom Bah,  
Chickera-Ree,  
Whoopla, Whoopla,  
1903.

Class Colors:  
Scarlet and Blue.

### Officers.

SAMUEL COLVILLE BAGLEY, Tennessee, K A.....	President
CHARLES FRITH SPENCER, Virginia, Φ K E.....	Vice-President
WILLIAM GIBSON PENDLETON, Virginia, Δ T Δ ..	Secretary and Treasurer

### Class Roll.

SAMUEL COLVILLE BAGLEY, K A.....	Tennessee
JAMES WARREN BAGLEY, Φ Δ Θ.....	Tennessee
AMMEN LEWIS BURGER.....	Virginia

HENRY CALDWELL COE.....	Virginia
JOSEPH DORSEY COLLINS.....	Virginia
ROBERT TRIGG FLANARY.....	Virginia
GUY NELSON FORKESTER, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .....	Kentucky
SAMUEL MCPHEETERS, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .....	Virginia
DAVID VANCE GUTHRIE.....	Mississippi
HENRY HALL, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .....	Texas
ALEXANDER MCCHESTNEY HAMILTON.....	Virginia
HARRY NEAL HUSE.....	Virginia
FRANK NAFF JOHNSON.....	Tennessee
ROBERT EDWARD JOHNSTON.....	Virginia
ANDREW LEWIS JONES.....	Virginia
WILLIAM PENDLETON LAMAR, $\Phi K \Psi$ .....	Georgia
JOHN McCCLURE.....	Virginia
ROBERT WHITE McCRUM, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .....	Virginia
JOSEPH CHARLES MCPHEETERS, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ .....	South Carolina
JOHN ALEXANDER MOORE, $\Phi K \Xi$ .....	Virginia
JOSEPH COLVIN PANCAKE, $B \Theta \Pi$ .....	West Virginia
RICHARD ROSCOE PHELPS.....	North Carolina
ROBERT RING, $K A$ .....	Texas
RICHARD ALEXANDER RUFF.....	Virginia
ROBERT STUART SANDERS.....	Kentucky
BERNARD BOBBS SHIVELY, $M \Pi A$ .....	Indiana
ARGYLE TURNER SMILEY.....	Virginia
THOMAS COLLIER TURNER, $\Delta T \Delta$ .....	Georgia
WILLIAM JOEL TURNER, $K A$ .....	Virginia
ROBERT TATE WALLACE.....	Virginia
CICERO FLOYD WATTS.....	Mississippi
GEORGE CLARK WEBB, $\Xi N$ .....	Maryland
CHARLES RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE.....	Virginia
SAMUEL CAMPBELL WILSON.....	Virginia
THOMAS CAMPBELL WILSON.....	Virginia
SAMUEL A. WITHERSPOON, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ .....	Mississippi
JOHN FRANKLIN WYSOR.....	Virginia



## Class of 1904.

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Colors: Maroon and White.

---

### Yell.

Hobble, Gobble, Sizzle, Dazzle,  
Sis, Boom, Bah,  
'04, '04,  
Rah, Rah, Rah.

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### Officers.

ARTHUR TABB, $\Phi. \Gamma. \Delta.$ . . . . .	President
WILLIAM EVANS BOZEMAN, $K. A.$ . . . . .	Vice-President
CHARLES CRANKSHAW THOMAS, $\Xi. A. E.$ . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer

## Roll.

ADAIR, TEMPLETON . . . . .	Lexington, Virginia
ALLAIN, A. V. . . . .	Jeanerett, Louisiana
ANDERSON, JOHN M., Φ. K. Υ. . . . .	Louisville, Kentucky
ARMSTRONG, GORDON . . . . .	Lexington, Virginia
ARNOLD, JOHN KNOX . . . . .	Arnold, West Virginia
BAKER, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Σ. X. . . . .	Winchester, Virginia
BARNETT, REESE CONOR, Σ. A. E. . . . .	Atlanta, Georgia
BLEDSOE, WILLIAM RANDOLPH . . . . .	Lexington, Virginia
BOZEMAN, WILLIAM EVANS, K. A. . . . .	Meridian, Mississippi
BURKS, MARTIN PARKS, JR., Σ. X. . . . .	Lexington, Virginia
CARNEY, MARSHALL SIDNEY . . . . .	Carney, Alabama
CLARK, EDWIN JOHNS, Σ. A. E. . . . .	Waco, Texas
CONOVER, JOHN WOODHULL . . . . .	Norfolk, Virginia
CRAMER, FREDERICK WARMAN, A. Σ. Σ. . . . .	Frederick City, Maryland
DAVIS, WILLIAM COLE, A. Σ. Σ. . . . .	Rockbridge Baths, Virginia
DENNIS, JOHN MURDOCK, Σ. X. . . . .	Baltimore, Maryland
DUNCAN, ALBERT MARSHALL, M. Π. Α. . . . .	Springfield, Kentucky
ELLIS, FRAMPTON ERROLL . . . . .	Atlanta, Georgia
FLOYD, SAMUEL HALL, K. A. . . . .	Shuhuta, Mississippi
FIELDER, DAVID BRIGHTWELL, Φ. Δ. Θ. . . . .	Sherman, Texas
GOODE, FREDERICK TIMOTHY . . . . .	Searcy, Arkansas
HAMILTON, HARRY WILSON . . . . .	Steele's Tavern, Virginia
HANDLAN, JOHN RANDOLPH, JR. . . . .	Elm Grove, West Virginia
HANKINS, WILLIAM BARRET, Φ. Δ. Θ. . . . .	Richmond, Virginia
HAW, GEORGE EDWIN . . . . .	Hanover Court House, Virginia
IDEN, FRANK HANSBROUGH . . . . .	Manassas, Virginia
KIPPS, ELMER ALLEN . . . . .	Woodstock, Virginia
LAIRD, DAVID ALLEN PENICK . . . . .	Danville, Virginia
McCLURE, M. T. JR. . . . .	Spotswood, Virginia
MCRAE, THOMAS CHRISTOPHER, Φ. K. Σ. . . . .	Prescott, Arkansas
MILLEN, ELI MOFFATT . . . . .	Rosemark, Tennessee
MILLER, EDWARD CAMPBELL . . . . .	Abingdon, Virginia
MOFFETT, LYLE MOORE . . . . .	Brookewood, Virginia
MONTGOMERY, W. E. . . . .	Washington, D. C.
MORGAN, RALPH IRVING, A. Σ. Σ. . . . .	Richmond, Virginia

NISWANDER, GEORGE R., M. T. A.	Parkersburg, West Virginia
Osburn, HERBERT S., Σ. A. E.	Baltimore, Maryland
PARKS, JAMES ALLEN.	Clinton, Missouri
PAYNE, LEWIS CARLTON.	Harrisonburg, Virginia
PHELPS, DAVID RANDOLPH.	Scotland Neck, North Carolina
PRICE, J. EDMUND, Σ. X.	Charleston, West Virginia
PRESTON, JAMES MONTGOMERY, Σ. A. E.	Lewisburg, West Virginia
QUISENBERY, JOHN EDWARD.	Lexington, Virginia
ROBINSON, PETTET, Σ. A. E.	Louisville, Kentucky
SAMPSON, FARRIS ATHELSTANE, M. T. A.	LaGrange, Kentucky
SMITH, ALEXANDER McDOWELL.	Lexington, Virginia
SPITLER, CARROLL LEE.	Luray, Virginia
STERRETT, JAMES REID.	Timber Ridge, Virginia
STONE, THOMAS GREEN, Δ. T. Δ.	Washington, D. C.
SWANK, ROBERT HARVEY.	Edom, Virginia
TABB, ARTHUR, Φ. Γ. Δ.	Louisville, Kentucky
THOMAS, CHARLES CRANKSHAW, Σ. A. E.	Atlanta, Georgia
THOMPSON, MATHEW A.	Charlotte, North Carolina
THOMPSON, WILLIAM LOIS., Σ. N.	Mt. Sterling, Kentucky
TRIPLETT, GRANVILLE HAMPDEN	Duffields, West Virginia
TRUNDLE, AMERICUS DAVIDSON.	Poolesville, Maryland
TUCKER, DEWITT EVERETTE, Φ. K. Σ.	Tucker, Arkansas
VERTNER, EDMUND KEARNEY, Σ. N.	Luray, Virginia
WATTS, CICERO FLOYD.	Improve, Mississippi
WARNER, JOHN WILLIAM, JR.	Rockville, Maryland
WILSON, WILLIAM OWEN.	News Ferry, Virginia
WITHERS, ROBERT WALKER.	Bekford City, Virginia
WORTHEN, GEORGE GORDON, Δ. T. Δ.	Little Rock, Arkansas
WRIGHT, SAMUEL BROWN,	Moffatt's Creek, Virginia

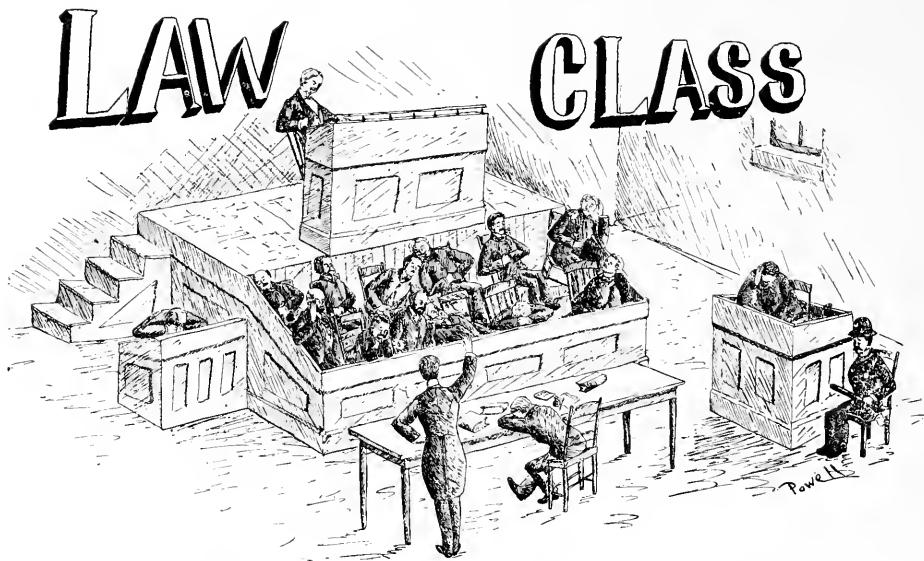








LAW DEPARTMENT.



### Officers.

PRESIDENT, J. M. CORBETT.....	Florida.
VICE-PRESIDENT, GEO. S. HAIRSTON.....	Virginia.
SECRETARY, N. G. WOODSON .....	Virginia.
HISTORIAN, C. R. ROBINSON.....	Kentucky.
ORATOR, W. R. ALLEN.....	Kentucky.

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### Calyx Law Editors.

R. H. ALLEN, Virginia.

F. W. GOSHORN, West Virginia.

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### Roll and Record.

RUSSELL HOUSTON ALLEN, K. A.....	Virginia.
Graham-Lee; centre, foot-ball team, '99-'00; President Intermediate celebration, Graham-Lee, 1901.	
W. RAYMOND ALLEN, K. A.....	Kentucky.
A. B. Kentucky State College ; Law Class Orator, 1901.	
ROM C. BIGGS, M. II A.....	Kentucky.
B. S. Northern Indiana University ; Debater Intermediate celebration Graham-Lee, 1900 ; Sheriff Moot Court.	

SENIOR LAW CLASS.



C. C. BURNS.....	Virginia.
Catcher, Baseball team, 1900	
GEO. G. BROOKS.....	Florida.
President Florida Club.	
W. MOORE CLAYTON.....	New Mexico.
H. T. EALS, M. Π. Λ.....	Kentucky.
Washington Society; Orator State Intercollegiate contest, 1900.	
J. M. CORBETT.....	Florida.
President S. B. Club; President Junior and Senior Law Class, 1900-1901; Graham-Lee Society; Clerk Moot Court; Winner of Draper Scholarship, 1900.	
ALLAN EPES, Φ. Δ. Θ.....	Virginia.
STOCKTON HETH JR., Φ. Δ. Θ.....	Virginia.
Graham-Lee Society.	
H. M. FOX, Φ. Δ. Θ.....	Virginia.
M. A. Roanoke College; Clerk Moot Court.	
W. W. GLASS, Φ. K. Σ.....	Virginia.
Graham-Lee Intermediate Orator, 1900; Louis Witz Law Scholarship.	
F. W. GOSHORN, Σ. A. E., Θ. N. E., Σ., T. Δ. K.....	West Virginia.
President Washington Society, 1900; Intermediate Debater Washington Society, 1899; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, 1899; President West Virginia Club, 1900; Secretary and Treasurer State Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, 1900; Manager Football Team, 1901; Final Orator Washington Society, 1901.	
GEO. S. HAIRSTON.....	Virginia.
Secretary of Junior and Senior Law Classes, 1900-1901.	
H. HARBY, JR., K. Σ.....	South Carolina.
Graham-Lee Society.	
H. C. HOBBS, Π. K. A.....	North Carolina.
Washington Society.	
A. B. KNIPMEYER.....	Missouri.
Law Librarian; Graham-Lee Society.	
C. L. KNOWLES.....	Florida.
W. J. MAHONEY.....	Ohio.
H. D. MOISE, A. T. Ω.....	South Carolina.
Albert Sidney Crew, 1900.	
Wm. H. MALONE.....	Florida.
C. F. MONTGOMERY, K. A.....	Kentucky.
M. A. Kentucky University; Half-back, Football Team, 1900.	
G. W. RICHARDSON.....	Virginia.
C. R. ROBINSON, Σ. A. E., Θ. N. E., T. Δ. K.....	Kentucky.
Baseball Team, 1898; Football Team, 1899; Law Class Historian, 1901; President Final Ball, 1901; Secretary Junior Law Class, 1900.	
J. E. TIPTON.....	Virginia.
JOHN L. WOODY.....	Virginia.
J. L. WEINBERG.....	South Carolina.
A. B. South Carolina College.	
N. G. WOODSON, K. Σ.....	Virginia.
Washington Society; Debater Intermediate Celebration, 1900; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Law Class, 1901.	
E. W. WORRELL.....	Virginia.

## History of the Law Class of 1901.

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IT is not the purpose, Gentle Reader—for what reader was ever anything but gentle?—of this slight memorial of our class to utter any sounding vaunt of virtues, or yet to shed the penitential tear of shortcomings, brought home to mind. Far be it from the class of '01 to publish before the skeptic world a vulgar appraisement of its excellencies or to catalogue its peculiar virtues. Nevertheless, looking far down the vista of coming ages and seeing the rosy cherub faces of coming generations with their mute appeal for guidance, the class has conceived the idea that perhaps this memorial may serve a purpose—that perhaps our successors may find in our victories something which will rally them, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, or if perchance, spurred on by ambition which recked not obstacles, they have essayed Real Property and failed, they will agree with us in finding consolation in the soothing bit of philosophy which holds that “not failure, but low aim is crime.” If, then, we can draw a fitting lesson from our experience, we shall be content. And here, Gentle Reader, we should feel that we were false indeed to ourselves if we failed to stop a moment to indulge in tearful memories—to put down a passing obituary of those who, having sojourned among us for but one brief year, suddenly passed beyond our ken, not without leaving behind them a train of light. Choice spirits they were, who went down to defeat scarred with the scars of honorable battle. Their forms pass before us in sad review—we see them all. We see one who came amongst us from a near and sister state, bearing with him the prestige of a name, dear to all Southerners. We see his bright, illumined face, his form like unto a young Apollo, and with it all, a mind, so trained to vast expanse of thought and so indoctrinated in great ideas that the paltry minutes of legal lore passed him quite by, as the gentle zephyr does the sturdy oak. He is gone—*requiescat in pace*. Yet another form files before us—born in a Northern clime he came among us, a very Chesterfield in manners, a Beau Brummel in dress, a Napoleon in finance. His sovereign temper counted not costs and money he spent with lavish hand, disdainful of the filthy stuff and of such mean distinctions as *meum* and *tuum*. Many others there were, and many are the lessons which could be drawn from their brief careers here—but time presses.

Nor can we give more than a passing glance to class polities, with its Crokers and Hannas. Suffice it to remark that if the gods decreed that the man who would be its President should only be Historian there is no one so factitious as not to see in it another working of the principle of the “survival of the fittest.” And if, on the other hand, the man who is President, having climbed to the utmost rung of the ladder to the Temple of Fame, and having “sounded all the depths and shoals of

honor," should, after all, find all worldly honors but wormwood and gall, and join the S. B. C.—who will not be moralist enough to join with the Preacher of old in the lament, "all is vanity"?

Of difficulties and besetments we have had our share. Some of us, like Alexander of old, have solved the Gordian knot of Real Property by simply cutting it. Of Evidence, and Pleading, and the rest, we will not speak for fear of bringing back a reminiscent tear. And if in our little disagreement with our Faculty, which brought with it no unfriendliness on either side, the wrong side prevailed for a time, may we not hope to see the right side vindicated next year? Surely "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and the faces of countless generations, yet to come, as they file in to take their economic exams will frown down disapproval on us, and secure in the boon of many exams they will laugh us to scorn. So must folly pay the penalty. "Many men, many minds"—and our class has been no exception in this. We have had wise men and fools—sluggards and those who "like the little busy bee improve each shining hour." Fools—delectable fools, who bear their folly with as easy grace as ever Neptune bore his trident—wise men, guiltless of raising in the minds of friends any suspicion of their wisdom. Finally, will not the license of print allow us to speak of something which, through diffidence, we could not say by word of mouth—the unfailing courtesy, the genuine interest and kindly friendliness shown by the law faculty to our class—the daily lessons taught by precept and example in life's "sweet amenities," may they not be mentioned?

C. R. ROBINSON, (*Historian.*)







# Ye Song of ye Younge Man-of Lawe



The young lawyer sat in his office chair,  
Clutching the strands of his rumpled hair;  
In his face was a look of dumb despair,  
For as yet no client had called.

He thought of the hopes of his college days,  
Of the knowledge gained in various ways;  
"It all is useless," he sadly says,  
"For as yet no client has called."

He'd thought that he'd stand in the judgment hall  
And as the world looked on, before them all,  
He'd force his opponent right back to the wall,  
But as yet no client had called.

He thought of the debts that were running high,  
Of bills and notes with their payment nigh.  
"I could meet them all," was his doleful cry,  
"But as yet no client has called."

He stood off his creditors over a year,  
Till the most unwary began to have fear,  
And the lawyer turned gray as the end drew near,  
For as yet no client had called.

No fees came in and his rent fell due,  
His board and washing, and other things too,  
He said he'd have paid them up to the last sou  
But as yet no client had called.

So his creditors' patience at last gave way,  
And they came and carried his goods away.  
He'd have stopped the sale, but he could not  
    pay,  
For as yet no client had called.

So they sold all his goods from office and  
    home,  
And turned him adrift on the world to roam.  
"They've made me a tramp," was his heart-  
    less moan,  
For as yet no client has called.

#### Envoy.

Let all young men who are contemplating  
Casting their lot and forever mating

With the blinded Goddess of Justice, stop  
And meditate on the words let drop  
Of the man who did as they think of doing,  
And spent years of his life in vainly wooing  
A practice large and a clientelle  
That would keep him safe from that awful

Hell  
Of unpaid debts and worthless paper.  
A missionary's life is safer,  
For when death comes and takes him away  
He goes to the land of perpetual day;  
But theologians haven't discovered yet  
The place for a man who falls in debt.

mc C.



## Junior Law Class.

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PRESIDENT, EDMUND RANDOLPH PRESTON .....	Virginia
VICE-PRESIDENT, JAMES EDWARD ARBUCKLE .....	West Virginia
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER .....	Virginia

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## Class Roll.

JAMES ALBERT ABERNATHY, K. Σ.....	Fordyce, Arkansas
JAMES EDWARD ARBUCKLE, Σ. A. E., Σ.....	Lewisburg, West Virginia
MAURICE ANTHONY BRECKINRIDGE.....	Fincastle, Virginia
FRANCIS WILBUR BRIDGES, B. Θ. Π.....	Hancock, Maryland
(A. B. Hampden-Sidney College.)	
WILLIAM HENRY BROWN.....	Fulton, Mississippi
EMMETT CALLAN.....	Washington, Georgia
ROBERT OSCAR CROCKETT, Φ. K. Σ.....	Tazewell, Virginia
RICHARD POTTS DANIELS, JR., K. A.....	Jacksonville, Florida
JAMES DIXON ECKLES.....	Richmond, Virginia
ELEAZER KINGSBURY FOSTER, K. A.....	Gainesville, Florida
JULIAN WOOD GLASS, Φ. K. Σ.....	Winchester, Virginia
ROBERT GARY GOOLSBY.....	Marion, Virginia
(Graduate Virginia Military Institute.)	
SAMUEL WILLIAM HAIRSTON.....	Martinsville, Virginia
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS HENRY, M. Π. Λ.....	Springfield, Tennessee
WILSON MARCELLUS JERKINS.....	Hartford, Alabama
THOMAS NATHANIEL JONES, Π. K. A., Θ. N. E.....	Lexington, Virginia
(A. B. Hampden-Sidney College.)	
ALBERT EUGENE LARRICK.....	Lexington, Virginia
ALBERT EDWARD MAGUIRE.....	Woburn, Massachusetts
WILLIAM MCCOY, M. Π. Λ.....	Franklin, West Virginia
HORACE RANDOLPH MOORE.....	Lexington, Virginia
WILBUR LAUCK NEWMAN, K. A.....	Woodstock, Virginia
(M. A. Randolph-Macon College.)	

GEORGE HARRISON PECK.....	Peerisbug, Virginia
ANDREW JACKSON POWER.....	Breckinridge, Texas
EDMUND RANDOLPH PRESTON, $\Phi.$ $K.$ $\Psi$ .....	Lexington, Virginia
JOHN GRAHAM SALE.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
GABRIEL BENOIST SHIELDS, $\Sigma.$ $X.$ , $\Theta.$ $N.$ $E.$ , $\Sigma$ .....	Lexington, Virginia
OSMAN ELLIS SWARTZ, $\Phi.$ $K.$ $\Psi$ .....	Clarksburg, West Virginia
	(Ph. B. Shurtleff College.)
JOHN JOSEPH SWARINGEN.....	Kings Ford, Florida
JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER, $\Sigma.$ $X.$ , $\Theta.$ $N.$ $E.$ , $\Delta$ .....	Lexington, Virginia
	(A. B. Washington and Lee University.)
CHARLES DOUGHARTY TUTEN.....	Jasper, Florida
JOHN PIERRE WALL.....	Putnam Hall, Florida
CHARLES IRVING WEAVER.....	Luray, Virginia
MELVILLE ASBURY WILSON.....	Bartow, Florida



LITERARY  
BIOGRAPHICAL



# ..In Memoriam..



## WILLIAM LYNE WILSON.

---

Oh ye who love sincerity,  
And noble, true integrity,  
And pure hearted chivalry,  
And open generosity,  
Come lay a wreath upon the bier  
Of one who held them very dear.

His form is gone from out our sight,  
His voice that ever spoke for right  
In solemn calm is hushed, and he  
Has entered death's strange, silent night.  
Gone is his form, and hushed his voice,  
But oft a tender threnody  
Breaks soft as recollections touch  
The golden harp of memory.

---

Ye ancient ivy covered walls,  
And time worn academic halls,  
No more ye hear a well known tread,  
And gloomy silence reigns instead.

Ye stately trees that long have been  
The guardians of the campus green,  
Why stand ye so disconsolate ?  
Whom do ye sadly—vainly wait ?

Your murmuring leaves do sigh to tell  
The whispering breezes what befell  
One whom ye often gently bade  
Enjoy your cool, refreshing shade.

Ye students more than all the rest,  
Ye loved him most who knew him best,  
And loved him all who only knew  
His heart and mind so pure and true.

The friend and counsellor of the great,  
He helped to guide the Ship of State  
Through many a dark and boisterous  
gale  
That seemed her safety to assail.

And in the evening of his life  
He left the turmoil and the strife,  
And, crowned with honor and renown  
Entered our quiet, cloistered town.

He lent the riches of his lore,  
Of many years the garnered store,  
To lead our Alma Mater's youth  
In ways of wisdom and of truth.

But long he could not stay, we knew,  
For day by day he feebler grew,  
And as along our paths he trod,  
Seemed ever walking nearer God.

And then one morning peacefully  
He bade adieu, and silently  
His bark put out upon the sea,  
The waters of eternity.

And is his work forever past ;  
His life's book written to the last ?  
Aye, every page of it is done,  
But his great work is just begun.

For many reading in that life  
Shall manlier meet the bitter strife,  
Remembering the noble fight  
He ever made for truth and right.

And though we say that he is dead,  
His influence still shall grow and spread,  
And evermore shall tend to raise,  
And lead mankind to nobler ways.

---

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;  
Soul unto Heaven's eternity ;  
And his great heart forevermore  
Embalmed in loving memory.

# William Lyne Wilson.

---

WILLIAM LYNE WILSON was the only child of Benjamin Wilson and Mary Whiting Lyne, his second wife. Benjamin Wilson was a native of King and Queen County, in Virginia, and a man of great industry and strong principles and a vigorous Jacksonian Democrat until his death. He was educated at the classical school of Rev. Dr. R. B. Semple at Mordington, King and Queen. He was an energetic and successful student, and was recommended by Dr. Semple to William Baylor of Jefferson County as tutor for the latter's children. Here he spent the remainder of his life, adopting teaching as his profession.



Mary Whiting Lyne was the grand-daughter of William Lyne, a member of the House of Burgesses from King and Queen during the memorable years of 1769-70-71, which found on its roll such names as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Peyton Randolph and Richard Henry Lee, also of the convention of 1776, which framed the first Constitution of the State. Mrs. Wilson was a woman of retiring disposition and deep piety, and her pure, gentle life had a moulding influence on that of her gifted son.

It was in Jefferson County, Virginia, now West Virginia, that William Lyne Wilson was born on the third day of May, 1843. His father died when William was but four years of age, his last wish being that his son should be properly educated. To the accomplishment of her husband's laudable design

Mrs. Wilson gave her life with singular devotedness of purpose.

William first attended the old academy situated in Charlestown, where he quickly distinguished himself by his industry, studious habits and intellectual capacity. At the age of fifteen he was far more proficient in Latin, Greek and French than was necessary for him to enter college. The classics possessed a wonderful charm for him, but it was mathematics that met with his greatest favor. In 1858, when only fifteen years of age, he entered Columbian College, now Columbian University, Washington, D. C. Within two years he obtained his bachelor's degree and was offered a tutorship by the faculty, but he declined, and as was the custom of the aspiring young men of the South in those days, went to the University of Virginia for post-

graduate study. Here the Civil war found him and frustrated his purpose. Obedient to his patriotic instincts, he enlisted in Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, a company composed chiefly of school boys from Jefferson County, which made a great



MR. WILSON AT HIS DESK IN CONGRESS.

reputation for courage and received special honors from General Robert E. Lee for gallant conduct. He served as a faithful, brave soldier in the ranks until the Confederate banner was furled at Appomattox. One of his commanding officers, Captain

Charles T. O'Ferrall, ex-Governor of Virginia, on one occasion said that no braver soldier fought beneath the Stars and Bars.

After the close of the war Mr. Wilson returned to Columbian to accept the position of assistant professor of ancient languages. During this time he studied law, receiving his degree in 1867. Being debarred from practicing in the new state of West Virginia on account of the Lawyer's Test Oath, he remained at the college, accepting the full professorship of ancient languages, which was then offered him. In 1869 he married Miss Nannie Huntingdon, daughter of Dr. C. J. Huntingdon of Columbian University. From this union there were four sons and two daughters, all of whom survive. In 1871, all obstacles to his practicing his chosen profession were removed by the abolition of the Test Oath; so he resigned his professorship and went to Charlestown, where he formed a partnership with his cousin, Captain George Baylor. He was successful from the start and rapidly attained prominence in his profession. To the exacting duties of the law he devoted eleven years and was during this time a model of what an ideal lawyer should be.

It was in public life, however, that Mr. Wilson attained his greatest prominence. The year 1880 marked his entrance into politics, when he was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati. During the same year, as elector at large, on the Democratic ticket, he canvassed his State, winning much distinction. He was pronounced decidedly the most convincing of all the orators in West Virginia during this memorable campaign. Two years after he accepted the presidency of the West Virginia University, which position he resigned to enter Congress, having received on September 20, 1882, the nomination by acclamation of the Democratic Convention of the Second District of West Virginia. He was re-elected to Congress five successive times and received the seventh nomination at the hands of his party, but his prominent position in Congress caused the forces of protection to mass their strength and defeat him in 1894.

The twelve years that Mr. Wilson served in Congress were marked by arduous labor and gained for him an international reputation. In his second term he was a member of the important Committee on Appropriations, and was held in the highest esteem by its chairman, Samuel J. Randall, leader of the Democrats in the House. In 1887, his prominence as a tariff reformer became recognized and he was made a member of the Ways and Means Committee. His speech on the famous "Mills Bill," presented to the House by that Committee, surpassed any effort made up to this time. It was received by his fellow Democrats with much enthusiasm, and by tariff reformers generally as a masterly argument. It was more widely reprinted and circulated than any other speech made in this great debate. In 1892, Mr. Wilson was chairman of the Democratic National Convention, and after the nomination of Mr. Cleveland made the speech of notification in Madison Square Garden, New York.

In the Fifty-third Congress he was chosen by his associates to prepare and introduce the bill to repeal the Sherman Silver Act. This he did with the greatest success. In the same Congress, Speaker Crisp, responding to the demands of public opinion,

appointed him Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which was to draw up the tariff bill to meet the promises of the Democrats in the preceding election. This was a Herculean task, but Mr. Wilson entered upon it with such industry and earnestness that before Christmas he had reported the bill familiarly known as the "Wilson Bill." Few are able to appreciate the immense labor and difficulty that were encountered in framing this measure, and any ordinary man would have sunk beneath the strain. He remained constantly at his post of duty, though suffering and exhausted, through the many weary days of debate, and finally wound up the prolonged discussion February 1st, before a crowded House and an immense audience, by a speech which produced the wildest enthusiasm ever witnessed in the House of Representatives. Amid the plaudits of the vast throng, Mr. Wilson was raised to the shoulders of two of his colleagues, Hon. William J. Bryan and Hon. H. St. G. Tucker, and borne in triumph from the floor. This incident is probably equalled by nothing since William Pitt was carried to the House of Commons to deliver his speech denouncing the war on the American colonies. Mr. Wilson was still weak from the ravages of fever. In addition to that, he suffered a most painful neuralgic attack. But on this memorable day he was helped to the House of Representatives and made the closing appeal to his colleagues in favor of reduced taxation. With his throbbing head swathed in bandages, his eyes covered from the light by a handkerchief, and with every fibre of his body weakened by disease or palpitating with pain, he stood in the House and reminded his colleagues, in the words of Burke, that the "battles of civilization were fought around the question of taxation" and summoned the Democratic members to answer the roll-call of freedom which the Wilson Bill, with all its imperfections, granted the American citizen.

The bill passed the House, and the author sought recuperation in a trip to Mexico, but on the very day he crossed the Rio Grande was stricken with typhoid fever. He lay for weeks at the point of death, but rallied at last, and was able to return home by the first of May. The bill did not pass the Senate until July 3rd, and then was so mutilated as scarcely to be recognized as the original, but Mr. Wilson's success in framing and passing through the House a measure reforming most of the abuses of the protective system must be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs in American legislation.

Though defeated in the next Congressional election, Mr. Wilson was soon appointed Postmaster General by President Cleveland. He instituted many reforms in this department and under his direction the service was extended and its efficiency much increased. The president counted him among his most able and trustworthy advisers. Before his term in the Cabinet expired, he was elected President of the Washington and Lee University. On the 15th of September, 1897, he was introduced into office in the presence of many guests prominent in educational and other circles. The three short years in which he labored in this last field were marked with abundant success and proved him worthy to bear the mantle of Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Wilson was one of the most elegant, forcible and versatile speakers in the country and was pronounced the foremost orator of his day in Congress. Some of

his public addresses are considered masterpieces of political oratory. He was much sought after as an orator for collegiate bodies, one of his most famous college orations being that delivered before the Alumni Association of the University of Virginia



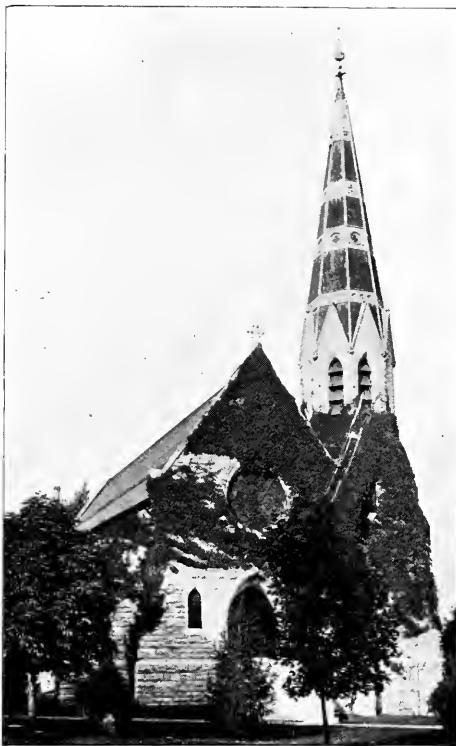
LAST PICTURE OF MR. WILSON. TAKEN IN ARIZONA LAST SPRING.

in 1891. He was Phi Beta Kappa speaker at Harvard in 1897. He was a publicist whose opinions on questions of the day were always in demand, and the *Forum*, *North American Review* and other similar journals have published many able articles from his pen.

His scholarship was universally recognized. He was regent of the Smithsonian Institute and was selected in June, 1899, as Representative of that body to the Royal Society of London, but declined to go on account of his university duties. He received the degree of LL.D. from Hampden-Sidney College, Columbian University, Central College, the University of Mississippi, Tulane University and West Virginia University, and was also made a fellow of the Royal Society. He was offered the presidency of such schools as Richmond College and the University of Missouri, both of which he declined. He was also a member of many historical, scientific and other societies.

During the later years of his life he was a sufferer from pulmonary tuberculosis. His arduous labors in Congress incident to the contest over the tariff bill which bears his name undermined his naturally strong and robust constitution and he never fully recovered from the strain. In the winter of 1900, acting upon the advice of a specialist, he sought recuperation at Hot Springs, Arizona. Upon his return he seemed to be much improved, but the signs of his dread disease soon again became visible, and he was a constant sufferer until his death. He spent a portion of the summer of 1900 at the Red Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, but without any improvement in his condition. He resumed his duties at the opening of the session of the University, but confined himself almost entirely to his residence and the campus. On the third of October he was forced to take to his bed and from then on his condition became gradually worse. On Monday, October 15th, congestion of the lungs set in. On Tuesday night his condition was precarious and all hope of his recovery despaired of. On Wednesday morning, October 17th, at twenty minutes past nine, his gentle spirit returned to God and the "peace which passeth understanding" crowned his varied life.





LEE MEMORIAL CHURCH.



"Looking over a new sheet orderly Sunday eve 10 cases"  
March 1. 1896.

EXECUTIVE MANSION  
WASHINGTON.

March 1, 1896

My dear Mr. Wilson

If you will come in  
to-night a little after eight  
o'clock we will look over  
a few prints, probably. Some  
day-like post office cars.

Yours very sincerely  
Grover Cleveland

Hon

Mr. S. Wilson  
Postmaster General

EXECUTIVE MANSION.  
WASHINGTON

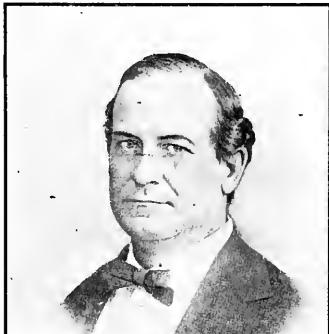
March 14, 1901.

William L. Wilson was devoted to lofty ideals. Although a man of great learning and of pronounced literary tastes, he actively participated in public affairs and gave to his country his best service. Those who were associated with him learned to respect him for the purity of his motives and the sincerity of his nature; while his advocacy of measures of legislation was so able as to win for them the fullest hearing from their opponents.

*William L. Wilson  
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## W. L. Wilson as a Public Man.

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I BECAME acquainted with Hon. William L. Wilson at the beginning of the Fifty-Second Congress and was thrown with him almost constantly throughout my brief service in the House of Representatives, especially during the Fifty-Third Congress, when he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Wilson was a most lovable character and no intimate associate could help becoming attached to him. His modesty and even temper, his genial nature and fund of humor made him an agreeable companion, while his strong convictions, untiring industry and versatility of talent compelled admiration. He was studious and scholarly, and, while tenacious of purpose, he did not arouse any unnecessary antagonism in urging his views. He followed as nearly as anyone I ever knew the advice of Chesterfield, and though "*suaviter in modo*" was "*fortiter in re*".

Tariff reform was the subject to which he was most earnestly devoted and his closing speech on the bill which bore his name was the greatest of his efforts to which I listened. It was clear cut in its argument, felicitous in its language and apt in its illustration. Its delivery aroused great enthusiasm and justified the encomiums passed upon it.

A cursive signature in black ink that reads "W. J. Bryan". The signature is fluid and personal, with distinct loops and flourishes.

MARCH 26, 1901.

## William L. Wilson as a Public Man.

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MY acquaintance with William L. Wilson began in the year 1885. My sympathy with his views upon political economy and of the proper limitation of governmental interference with the individual naturally drew us together. From the relations thus begun, I soon learned to know the man, and the better I knew him the more I admired him; but more than all was the affection which he compelled in me. In all my intercourse with public men I never met one who excited the love of his associates as did Mr. Wilson.

You ask me to write of him as a public man. Although I was in Washington for four years, and he was a member of Congress all of that time, I never heard him make a speech in Congress. I was never in either Senate or House of Representatives during those four years, so I only knew of his public work through his printed speeches. Nevertheless, I felt his strong and good influences upon public affairs all the time. His intellect, his scholarship, his lovable nature and lofty character, made themselves felt everywhere. Public life was better and richer while he was of it. When he left Congress, it was a loss, a serious loss to our country. Something high, something chivalrous, was gone, and the whole place seemed poor and commonplace to those who had known and loved him.

CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD.

## William L. Wilson as an Educator.

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It will be remembered that before the Civil War economics was practically an unknown and untaught subject in the United States. The experiences of the war sent both the North and the South to school. The old institutions of the North, like Harvard and Yale, expanded their curriculum in economics between 1870 and 1880; but the poverty of Southern institutions in these later years prevented a similar growth. In earlier years the South had maintained a proud prominence by their statesmen trained in practical politics; but the problems of later years have, in the nature of Southern industrial development, become mainly economic. And yet, to meet this exceptional situation, Southern institutions have been unable to establish chairs of economics, and to encourage Southern students to specialize upon such economic questions as taxation, railways, labor, money, banking, tariffs, and international trade.

The one man who, to my personal knowledge, saw clearly the true educational need of the South was William L. Wilson. It was he who, after accepting the presidency of Washington and Lee University, applied his personal influence and trained judgment to the task of meeting this need; and his success in the two short years of his administration is to be mainly tested by his educational fruits in the economic field, and by his establishment of a chair of economic and political science at Lexington. A true Southerner, he proposed to achieve the economic education of the South through distinctly Southern institutions; and he was right. He set out to make it possible for students to have the best modern scientific training in political economy without migrating to Northern universities. And it is not too much to say that the self-evident wisdom of his plan, its actual success in practice, will be followed by other universities; and that the impetus to a study of the new learning, so essential to the practical progress of the South, will date from the sagacious initiative of this genial, wise, far-seeing, and high-minded statesman.

President Wilson's career as an educator borrowed a peculiar significance from his distinction as a legislator and statesman. Exactly because he was familiar with public opinion both North and South, with the ins and outs of politics, with the hard road of legislative work in Congress, with the character of our public men, with the duties of a cabinet minister, his decision as to the emphasis which should be put upon economic training in the modern university course had more weight than that which comes from a purely academic source. He knew the lack of trained economists in the public service, and in the councils of the sovereign people, not by hearsay, but by painful personal experience; he knew that the great body of voters had been sometimes swung in masses to support a fallacy, which would never have deluded them were there a generally diffused education on economic problems, such as ought to be carried into every state and village by college graduates.

It is, therefore, a matter of peculiar fitness that his friends should attempt to mark the striking characteristics of his educational career by a monument designed to perpetuate the work he set so much store by when alive. From a personal knowledge of the man, nothing, in my judgment, could possibly have given him greater satisfaction than to have foreseen that his wise forecast of the educational needs of the South would be accepted and secured by the permanent endowment of the chair which was established by his own influence and energy.

*J. Lawrence Langhorne*

## William L. Wilson as a College President.

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THE service of William L. Wilson as a college president falls within four brief years—one spent as head of the University of West Virginia, the others as President of Washington and Lee University. A high mission nobly fulfilled by a great man is not the work of a month or a year. The higher the mission, the more stubborn the obstacles to be overcome; the greater the man, the longer the course that he will shape. It is for this reason that those who knew the real scope of Mr. Wilson's views on education must feel that the last three years were no more than the promise of a work that should crown the useful life whose prime he had already given to his country, and that should surpass in value even the exalted services he had rendered.

To superficial observers, Mr. Wilson was no more than the idolized head of a historic and dearly-beloved institution, spending his valuable days in the usual duties of a college presidency. But the work of education had for him a deeper truth and a higher seriousness than that implied in the performance of routine duties of however sacred an importance. His ultimate object was set forth in a letter to the editor of Harper's Weekly, written just previous to his undertaking the presidential office. He said: "I was influenced, I may say captivated, by the possibilities of making this institution a great centre of sound learning and sound citizenship, a power to reproduce in the South some of that high thinking which made her leadership in past generations so conservative and yet national. I am sure the seed has not run out. But it needs sound and wholesome culture. All the rest of the country is interested in this as much as Virginia and the South."

It was to gain the end thus nobly stated that every act of his subsequent life looked forward. But the material details of his actual work have been often told and need no repetition. It is rather the sweet memory of his life, broken in its most perfect flower, and exhaling the exquisite perfume of righteousness and nobility of purpose, that deserves—if it can need—preservation.

To those who knew him well, the character of Mr. Wilson, as a College President, seems to be summed up in four words—dignity, courage, self-effacement, self-sacrifice—a group of qualities seldom found in conjunction. Some men who had played an active and commanding part in national politics might have been restive or regretful when removed to the retirement of "quiet collegiate cloisters." If Mr. Wilson had such stirrings they were never perceptible to the closest observer. The every day work of administration and the supervision of details that were often trivial apparently enlisted his interest as fully as the momentous matters in which his life had been spent. His daily work was performed with the same large calmness which had characterized him in affairs of state, nor when circumstances demanded did he hesitate for a moment to correct abuses or institute new measures where many a man would have quailed

before local inertia and dislike of innovation. Though he consciously faced death during his last two years, and must have known that his end could not be long delayed, no one ever heard him refer to his condition or express the slightest discouragement as to the future.

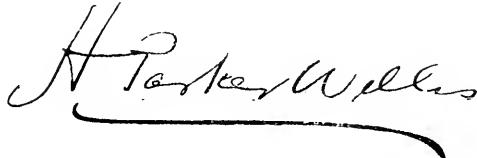
Yet, despite his commanding dignity and inspiring courage, he never either asked approval from others, or violated their prejudices. A lawyer of spotless integrity, a statesman of incorruptible honor, he was also a college president without double-dealing or equivocation. No student, and no officer, ever felt that he had received from Mr. Wilson anything but the most scrupulously considerate, gentle and affectionate treatment.

It was not simply by the contact of daily life that Mr. Wilson influenced men. Speaking to the student-body in public once each week, he expressed to them his views on current academic and political topics. These Wednesday-morning addresses were "symphonies in mankind and God." He believed in man, he believed also in God. Than his words no force more influential upon developing lives can be imagined. It was not the power of the polished orator, nor the breath of information conveyed by one who had seen much and done much, nor even the high peace of uprightness and integrity pervading the words, but the man behind all these, the man who put his whole moral force into what he said, and who would have dared all, suffered all, rather than swerve from his faith.

The directive force that Mr. Wilson exercised was enormous, yet it was wholly self-supporting and dependent solely upon the recognition of him as almost a being of superior mould. There are men who seem naturally to deserve appreciation, there are some who strive to suit their characters to an ideal, and by lives of self-culture to merit respect, and there are some who are said to win approval by their acts. Mr. Wilson was none of these. The affection and admiration that he received from all those who knew him did not result from recognition of desert, or merit, or forced approval. They were spontaneous growths. A single interview or transaction with him inspired an absolute confidence which required and could receive no increment, so perfect was its completeness. A week of his acquaintance carried with it an absolute approval of his ideals, aims and methods. A year with him furnished an inspiration which would last as long as life itself.

To those of his associates and subordinates who accompanied Mr. Wilson's funeral cortège to the quiet cemetery in Charlestown the sense of loss came with singular acuteness. There was not a countenance of those about the grave but displayed the manifest marks of a peculiar sorrow. Tears were finding unaccustomed channels down stern faces. When the last words had been said, and the onlookers had left the place, the incomparable Southern sunlight seemed to fall less brightly, the autumn colors were dimmer than before. Many would have said in the homely, moving words of one of Hardy's characters, "But oh no, no, my love, I never will forget 'ee for, oh, my love, you was a good man and you did good things."

May the students of Washington and Lee in future generations revere not alone the two bright and spotless names forever associated with their *alma mater*, but also that of him concerning whom it has been said that he was fully worthy to sit in the seat of Robert E. Lee.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "H. Parker Willis". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long horizontal flourish at the end.

## William Lyne Wilson as a Soldier.

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IN the unfortunate strife between the States, no section furnished more intrepid defenders of the Confederate flag than the beautiful and fertile Valley of the Shenandoah. The infantry and artillery commands that were recruited in this grand sub-division of Virginia won imperishable fame, and the cavalry squadrons that sprung into the saddle at the first bugle call, by their dash and chivalry and with pistol, carbine and sabre, made for themselves records of glory that no pen can overpaint and no history can overdraw. Wherever the stars and bars floated over the Army of Northern Virginia, these sons of the Valley were found with their souls swelling with devotion to the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died. On every sanguinary field from Manassas to Appomattox they were in the thickest of the fray among "the bravest of the brave."

It was the proud distinction of many of the lower valley cavalry companies to serve in the Ashby Brigade, made famous in song and story, until its unsurpassed young commander fell at Harrisonburg on the 9th day of June, 1862. Under their beloved and idolized leaders they had never suffered a defeat; following his plume, they had never been repulsed in a charge. Trained by this grand chevalier never to turn their back to the foe and like the lion never to count the enemies they had to meet, they lost none of their *esprit de corps* under other commanders, but continued to add laurels to their crests, until the fateful day on which the death knell of the young republic resounded throughout all lands.

The Twelfth Virginia Cavalry was one of the regiments of this renowned brigade; the first squadron of this regiment was composed of Company B of Jefferson county and Company I of Warren county. The officers of this squadron were very young men, and the ages of the rank and file, with few exceptions, ran from sixteen to twenty-five. Every man was a skilled and fearless horseman, a fine pistol shot and a ready handler of the carbine and sabre. It was particularly "the charging squadron" of the regiment, and the annals of the memorable struggle of the South and the North will disclose no band more heroic.

It was in this squadron, as a member of Company B, that William Lyne Wilson served from the commencement to the close of that contest of arms, in which the

blood of the sections commingled and reddened a thousand fields. This act in itself would be sufficient in Virginia, at least, to attest his splendid qualities as a soldier and his devotion to the cause so sad in its ending, yet so wreathed with glories. But weighing my words, writing not at random, I declare, that the fair-haired, amiable and modest youth of eighteen, in 1861 had within him a soul that never quailed in the line of duty and a spirit that never faltered at the sight of danger. Always at his post, ever ready for any service, however hazardous, he shared in the fullest degree with his gallant comrades the fame of his squadron and company.

Whether he possessed more than ordinary physical courage I know not; but I do know that he possessed supreme moral courage—the courage that makes a soldier.

As I look back and recall the quiet manner of this young dragoon on the eve of battle, the fire of his eye and the resolution on his brow in the heat of the combat, when cannons were roaring, shells were shrieking, balls were whistling and blades were gleaming; when the tumult was deafening and the havoc appalling, I wonder not at the fame he achieved in the avenues of peace. The same fidelity to duty and devotion to principle, the same stern resolution and moral courage he displayed in the arena of war he carried with him into the walks of peace and public and private life. He was faithful and true to his convictions when he knew that his blood might be the penalty, and he swerved not from the path of right as he saw it when his course involved the sacrifice of personal interests, and made his political retirement inevitable.

In all the manifold relations of his life William Lyne Wilson measured up to the full standard of exalted manhood. What more could be said of him?

As a soldier he was as good as the best; as a public servant he was faithful, pure and incorruptible; as a statesman he was able, courageous and conscientious; as a friend he was constant, and, surpassing all his other virtues, as husband and father he was all purity, affection and sweetness of temper.

CHARLES T. O'FERRALL.

## William L. Wilson as a Boy and as a Soldier.

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HAVING been requested to prepare a brief sketch of the early life of Hon. William L. Wilson, especially that portion of it embracing his career as a soldier, this writer recognizes that his own qualification for the undertaking rests solely upon the fact of the intimate, life-long friendship which subsisted between the distinguished gentleman and himself. Being almost exactly the same age, and having been playmates, school-mates, class-mates, desk-mates, and, in the Civil War, mess-mates and tent-mates; and always close friends throughout all these associations, including the period when we were brother captains in a noted cadet battalion, it may well be surmised that few people knew Mr. Wilson better, or loved him more.

His whole character is portrayed when it is said that he was a model boy. And this, not in an effeminate sense by any means; for he abounded in manly spirit, and enjoyed fun as much as any boy in the world. But, pure in heart by nature, and having been carefully and tenderly nurtured by his widowed mother as the darling of her eyes, his studious habits and contemplative disposition seemed to cast a mellow radiance around him, and kept him from many of the pitfalls youths are liable to encounter. His powerful mind, cultivated by refined and constant study of books, and of his surroundings, expanded easily and naturally to fill the vast arena his public life afterwards traversed.

Mr. Wilson's mother was a Baptist, but, there being no Baptist church in Charlestown in those days, he was practically raised an Episcopalian, and always held that branch of the Christian church in high esteem. In the contest of a large Sunday school class, in committing to memory the entire Book of Proverbs, he easily won the first prize—a gold watch, which he wore and prized; certainly to the time he was in Congress, if not to the close of his life.

His career as a soldier really began about the year 1857, when, as second captain, he commanded a company in the "Jefferson Cadets," a famous boy battalion formed and commanded by Colonel Lawson Botts, who lost his life in the defense of his native State, in the Civil War, as Colonel of the Second Virginia Infantry, of the Stonewall Brigade. This corps of cadets was in a large measure a germ out of which grew the "Stonewall Brigade" and "Ashby's Cavalry," for most of the boys who composed it afterwards joined "Baylor's Cavalry" of Ashby's command (of which Wilson was a member), or the Second Infantry, which became one of the leading regiments of Stonewall Jackson's Brigade. People used to come fifty miles to witness the drills and dress parades of the Jefferson Cadets on court days in old Charlestown.

In camp (in the rare intervals when Confederate Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia went into camp to recruit their weary horses—for the men of that army never wearied), Mr. Wilson, as a soldier, was as attentive and dutiful as he had been when a student at old Charlestown Academy ; and he was equally meritorious and faithful when, in the activities of those stirring campaigns, his command would almost daily encounter the rude shock of skirmish or battle. Although under fire hundreds of times during the war, he seemed to bear a charmed life—reserved perhaps by Providence for his later pre-eminent usefulness in public life—and was never wounded. A characteristic incident is recalled, when, in the first day's fight in "The Wilderness," in May, 1864, on the "Catharpin Road," the 12th Cavalry was subjected to a murderous artillery fire from General Wilson's Division, sitting on our horses in temporary inactivity until Chew's Artillery should come up and open the way for us to charge and break the strong lines of the enemy, (which the Brigade did a little later in the day, and drove them seven miles without drawing rein). Willy Wilson was sitting on his horse, with one leg thrown over the pommel of his saddle, eating a piece of "hard tack," when he suddenly threw his hand down to the calf of the other leg still in the stirrup, exclaiming with a smile : "There boys, I've got a furlough at last !" On examination, however, it was found that a sharpshooter's bullet had passed through the leg of his pants, and had merely burnt him a little in its quick passage ; and so he missed both the wound and his furlough. Upon finding this out, he laughed and calmly resumed the munching of his hard tack.

This running sketch must conclude with one more incident. While in Congress, Mr. Wilson on one occasion came to Lynchburg to address at Amherst Court House the constituents of Hon. Harry Tucker, who has now succeeded to his duties at Washington and Lee. He stated to this writer that on leaving Washington for Lynchburg, he was put in a new car attached to the end of the train, which was being brought through for some special purpose ; and that in this car he found besides himself, General Rosser, Fitz. Lee and W. H. F. (Rooney) Lee. Upon saluting these distinguished gentlemen and soldiers, he said he jocularly remarked that the quartette embraced a curious assortment of Confederate veterans ; namely, a Lieutenant General, a Major General, a Brigadier General, and a "high private"—meaning himself.

ROB. T. CRAIGHILL.

Lynchburg, Va., May 2, 1901.

## *THE UNDISCOVERED DIAMOND.*

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"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

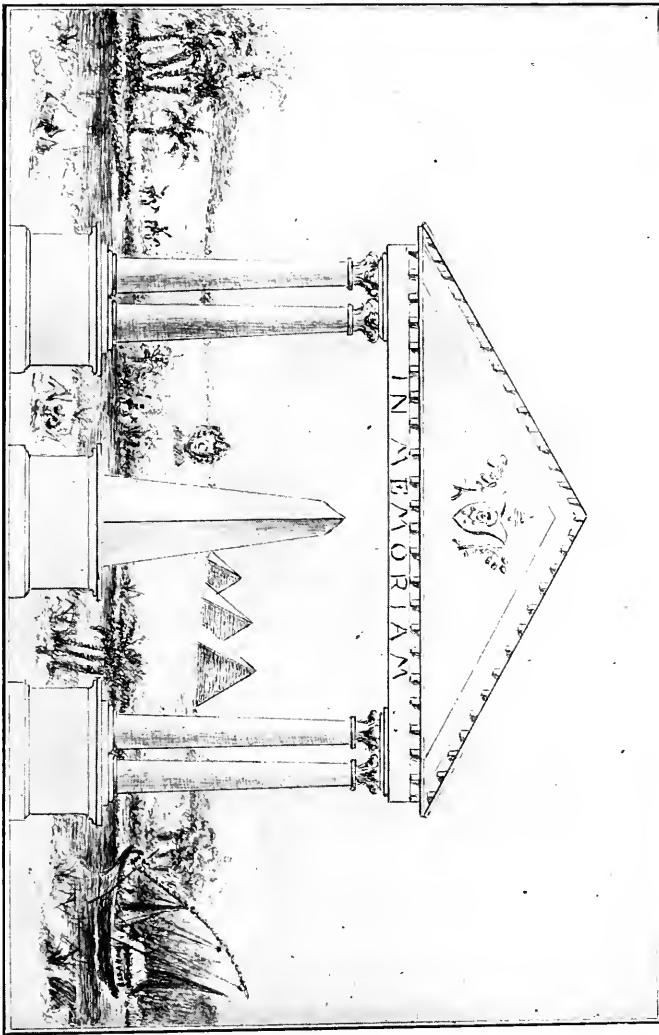
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Amid the sands unnoticed prone I lie,  
"Tis rare that human feet pass here along,  
No voice of man is heard, or weak or strong,  
Within this solitude, where only vie  
The notes of birds in heavenly minstrelsy,  
With angels listening to their happy song.  
But when these hover near, a white-robed throng,  
My heart's aglow if I can catch their eye  
And feel that I like them am God's own child.  
A stone, 'tis true; and yet with heart that woos  
The light. Quite small indeed, in Nature's wild  
A little stone; and yet as pure as dews  
That kiss the lip of fern or flower. Both mild  
And bright, I shine a jewel on God's shoes.

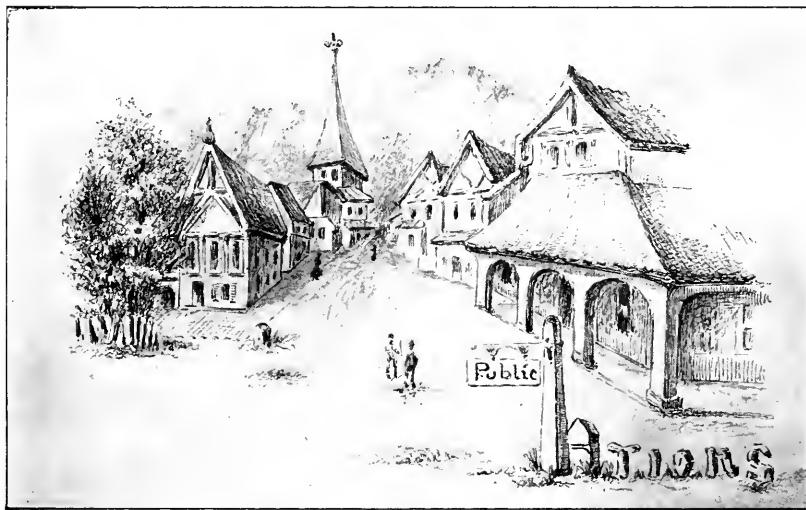
—*Dunlora.*

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

DIED MARCH 10, 1901.







# The Southern Collegian.

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[*Sapere Ande.*]

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HUMPHREY ROBINSON KEEBLE, TEXAS—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
THOMAS COLLIER TURNER, GEORGIA—ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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## Graham=Lee Society.

ALBERT GALLATIN JENKINS, WEST VIRGINIA.  
BEVERLEY DOUGLAS CAUSEY, VIRGINIA.

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## Washington Society.

T. D. SLOAN, WEST VIRGINIA.  
E. W. G. BOOGER, VIRGINIA.

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CHARLES SEE McNULTY, VIRGINIA—ATHLETIC EDITOR.  
EDMUND RANDOLPH PRESTON, VIRGINIA—LAW EDITOR.  
WILLIAM CARROLL MOORE, VIRGINIA—BUSINESS MANAGER.  
WILLIAM GIBSON PENDLETON, VIRGINIA—ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER.

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This magazine has had a long and notable career, and many names that are now prominent in the outside world were once numbered among its editors. Its precursor was a small sheet published in the fall of 1848 by the students of Washington College, under the suggestive name of "THE OWL." The literary spirit of that day was classical, and found expression in the translation of Horace's Odes, and extravagant effusions to dark-eyed Southern maidens, interspersed with numerous mythological allusions. Oftentimes the spirit of Demosthenes entered into some youthful contributor, and the result was a Philippic against the faculty. That austere body seem to have thought that their position of dictatorial supremacy was exempt from the freedom of the press, and at once took steps to stop the hootings of "THE OWL." Consequently, after a brief and troublesome life, "THE OWL" met a premature death in 1849.



BOARD OF EDITORS.

During the twelve long years subsequent to the demise of "THE OWL," the lofty sentiments, classical lore, and rhythmic genius among the students were left without a channel of expression. Then came the war, and the students, led by their devoted Professor and Captain, marched forth to battle for what they believed the right. Not until the doors of the college were thrown open to receive the Chieftan of the Confederacy was another attempt made to establish a student publication. This was christened "THE COLLEGIAN," which was issued fortnightly, and consisted of eight folio pages. The success of the enterprise was made secure at the start by having two such able men at its head as S. Z. Ammen, present editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, and C. R. Breckenridge, Congressman from Arkansas, and Minister to Russia. Thomas Nelson Page, now famous as a writer of Southern stories, was on the Board of Editors during the sessions of 1871-72. Several other names which have attained eminence in the educational and political world, together with the world of letters, are found among the names of the editors following this sketch.

During the first year of its existence, the magazine was published under the direction of two editors, one from each society, an election being held every three months. The next year the name was changed to "THE SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN"; also, in addition to the two editors chosen every three months, an annual editor was elected by the societies in joint session. In 1873 the jealousy of the societies reached such a heat that it became necessary to choose two annual editors. THE COLLEGIAN became a monthly in 1878, and was published in its present magazine form. In the same year, the plan was adopted which still prevails, of having THE COLLEGIAN in charge of an editor-in-chief elected jointly by the societies, and four associate editors, two being elected by each society. In 1892, the societies began to elect an assistant editor-in-chief also.

In 1870, Mr. Joseph Santini, of New Orleans, a former editor, gave to the University \$1,000, the revenue from which was to be used each year in purchasing a medal to be awarded to the writer of the best essay appearing in THE COLLEGIAN. This year another medal has been offered by the management of THE COLLEGIAN.

The list below contains the names of all the editors down to 1872, after which only the names of the chief editors are given :

1868.	M. B. Feagin.	H. Picles.
S. Z. Ammen.	George B. Peters.	J. B. Stubbs.
C. R. Breckenridge.	W. T. Thomas.	P. D. English.
C. C. Garrett.	A. H. Hamilton.	1871.
T. S. Wilkeson.	R. B. Bayly.	George Santini, Annual Editor.
W. M. Neil.	1870.	S. R. Fisher.
W. S. Graves.	A. M. Gordon, Annual Editor.	R. D. Haislip.
1869.	J. L. Logan.	M. N. Wisdom.
C. A. Graves, Annual Editor.	R. H. Fleming.	R. J. Richy.
W. L. Prather.	E. G. Logan.	J. K. Lake.
		Thomas Nelson Page.

1872.	1880.	1890.
William Edmunds.	Glover Moore.	W. H. Field.
1873.	1881.	1891.
W. H. Tayloe.	J. E. Cockerell.	H. F. Fitzpatrick.
W. B. Childers.	1882.	1892.
1874.	J. G. Meadors.	W. R. Vance.
C. W. Anderson.	1883.	1893.
H. L. Dufour.	H. A. White.	J. H. Hall.
1875.	1884.	W. McC. Martin.
J. H. Dillard.	J. M. Allen.	1894.
W. P. McCorkle.	1885.	W. McC. Martin.
1876.	B. F. Sledd.	1895.
James Hay.	1886.	D. C. McBryde.
W. K. Bocock.	W. C. Ludwig.	1896.
1877.	1887.	L. C. Speers.
W. S. Currell.	L. M. Harris.	1897.
A. R. Coeke.	1888.	M. G. Perrow.
1878.	T. G. Hailey.	1898.
W. S. Currell.	1889.	L. C. Lind.
1879.	R. B. Williams.	1899.
J. H. Hamilton.		G. P. Fishburne.

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### Santini Medalists.

1874—W. Boyle.	1887—W. M. Reid.
1875—C. Edmondson.	1888—I. M. Harris.
1876—Harold Walsh.	1889—W. Z. Johnstone.
1877—W. K. Bocock.	1890—J. S. Bunting.
1878—E. K. Leavel.	1891—W. H. Field.
1879—R. F. Campbell.	1892—W. E. Harris.
1880—J. H. Hamilton.	1893—J. H. Hall.
1881—Glover Moore.	1894—W. R. Vance.
1882—H. D. Campbell.	1895—W. C. Lauck.
1883—J. G. Meadors.	1896—T. S. Vance.
1884—H. A. White.	1897—W. K. McClung.
1885—G. H. Norman.	1898—S. C. Lind.
1886—B. F. Sledd.	1899—W. J. Lauck.

# THE RING-TUM PHI.

BY THE STUDENTS AND FOR THE STUDENTS.

VOL. IV

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18 1901

No. 1

## Baseball 1901

Judging from the number of applicants, the old men who are back richer in experience and better by practice, and the quality and ability of several of the new men, the outlook for a good team this spring is

## Reminiscences of General Lee

After the devotional exercises on Wednesday morning, Chairman Tucker introduced Dr. E. C. Gordon, a member of the board of trustees from Missouri, who gave the students some interesting recollections

## John Marshall Day.

At a meeting of the American Bar association held at Saratoga Springs, in August 1899, a plan of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the accession of Chief

## No President Chosen

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.  
The board of trustees held a called meeting in the president's room Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The members present were Dr. G. B.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—WILLIAM JETT LAUCK, West Virginia.  
ASSISTANT EDITOR—BEVERLEY DOUGLAS CAUSEY, Virginia.

## Associate Editors.

G. B. SHIELDS, Virginia.

H. R. KEEBLE, Texas.

S. C. BAGLEY, Tennessee.

CHAS. S. McNULTY, Virginia.

A. B. KNIPMEYER, Missouri, Law Editor.

BUSINESS MANAGER—J. RANDOLPH TUCKER, Virginia.  
ASSISTANT MANAGER—ROBERT RING, Texas.

The Ring-Tum Phi supplied a long-felt need when it was first published in 1897. This was evidenced by the flattering support which not only the students but the alumni gave, and are still giving to this weekly publication. It owes its existence to the energy and enterprise of Mr. J. S. Slicer, Jr., who was business manager of the first volume.

Its permanency is now assured, and its existence recognized as essential. From a financial standpoint it is the most successful of college publications. The paper gets its name from the first line of the College yell, thus echoing the voice of the students.

The following is a list of the editors and business managers:

### 1897-98:

G. R. HOUSTON, China, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
J. S. SLICER, JR., Virginia, BUSINESS MANAGER.

### 1898-99:

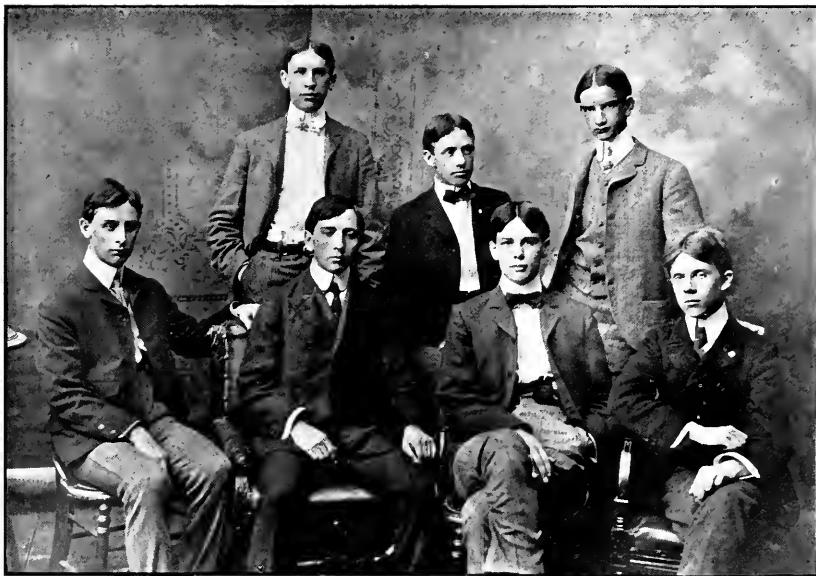
THOMAS J. FARRAR, Virginia, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
HARLOW S. DIXON, West Virginia, BUSINESS MANAGER.

### 1899-00:

J. RANDOLPH TUCKER, Virginia,  
WILLIAM JETT LAUCK, West Virginia, } EDITORS-IN-CHIEF.

### 1900-01:

WILLIAM JETT LAUCK, West Virginia, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
J. RANDOLPH TUCKER, Virginia, BUSINESS MANAGER.



BOARD OF EDITORS.

## The Calyx.

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UNLIKE many other institutions, Washington and Lee never published an annual until she had been a University for many years. Strange as it may seem, Liberty Hall Academy became Washington College, and Washington College evolved into Washington and Lee University before the advisability of having an annual burst upon the students with full force. It is true that in previous years the need of an annual had been keenly felt, and material for a Thesaurus had once been collected, but the attempt failed through lack of interest and determination, and ended in talk. Not until 1894 did the interest in an annual become earnest and strong, and accordingly a mass-meeting was called to consider the advisability of issuing one.

This meeting resulted in the election of an editor-in-chief, assistant editor, and business manager. The name "Calyx" was chosen from the calyx of a flower, significant of enclosing what is sweetest and best, and symbolical, as the source of what is sweetest and loveliest. The adoption of the word was also a play upon the term by which Lexington's fairest daughters are known in collegiate circles—the "calic."

The next session, '95-'96, came an unfortunate split among college politicians, and as a result no CALYX was published. The next year, however, the students saw the error of their way, and all minor differences were subordinated to the prime object of issuing an annual. A mass-meeting was held, and a number of editors and a business manager were elected.

In '97-'98, the experience of previous years was remedied by electing an editor-in-chief, assistant editor, and business manager in mass-meeting, while the senior law and academic classes were permitted to elect two associate editors, the junior law and academic one. This proved a wise measure and has been followed ever since.

The following is the list of editors, of assistants, and business managers of the CALYX :

1894-5:

WILLIAM REYNOLDS VANCE, Kentucky, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

WILLIAM CARL LAUCK, Virginia, ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

J. B. BULLITT, Kentucky, BUSINESS MANAGER.

1895-6:

No. CALYX.

1896-7:

JACOB D. M. ARMISTEAD, Virginia, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
ARTHUR F. TOOLE, Alabama, ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
V. A. BATCHELOR, North Carolina, BUSINESS MANAGER.

1897-98:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HARLOW, JR., West Virginia, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
LIVINGSTON WADDELL SMITH, Virginia, ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
GEORGE CUTHBERT POWELL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

1898-99:

MOSBY GARLAND PERROW, Virginia, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
ROBERT W. WITHERS, Virginia, ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
JAMES S. McCLURE, West Virginia, JAMES H. SHIVELY, Indiana, BUSINESS MANAGERS.

1899-00:

GEORGE CUTHBERT POWELL, District of Columbia, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
GEORGE WALTER, Georgia, ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.  
ALBERT GALLATIN JENKINS, West Virginia, BUSINESS MANAGER.



**Washington and Lee University,  
Lexington, Virginia.**

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**HISTORICAL PAPERS NO. 3.—1892.**

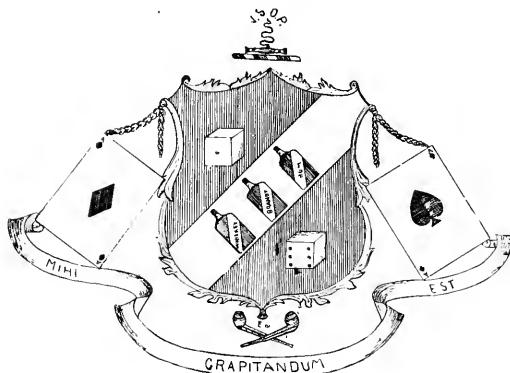
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1. The Scotch-Irish Settlers in the Valley of Virginia : Alumni Address at Washington College, July 1, 1859. By Col. Bolivar Christian.
2. Notes on Washington Academy and Washington College : Prepared in 1873, at the request of the Alumni Association. By Hon. Sidney S. Baxter.
3. Memorial Tributes to the Rev. Geo. A. Baxter, D. D.
4. Sketches of Trustees, Continued.
5. Samuel and William Lyle, James Ramsey, John Montgomery, Trustees; William McClung, and many Alumni. By William Henry Ruffner, LL. D.

Uncle



# Preston Ranch.



Preston.

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## Roll.

GEO. E. HAW	Buckskin Mose
J. EDMUND PRICE	Ananias
GEO. G. WORTHEN	Whiskers
HARMON D. MOISE	Sheba
H. HARBY, JR.	Madam
JAMES A. PARKS	Perx of Pike Co., Mo.
JOHN W. CONOVER (who never stoops to do a dirty deed)	Silent Mike
OSMAN E. SWARTZ	Professor
FRAMPTON E. ELLIS	Popular Boy
FREDERIC W. GOSHORN	Fritz, py tam, aindt it
JAMES W. MARSHALL	?

---

## Song.

"Abdullah Booboo Ameer" (copyright by Swartz, Price & Co.)

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Motto—"Mibi crapitandum cst."

---

## Pell.

Osky, Wow wow,  
Whiskey, Bow wow,  
Ola mucka bum !  
Preston, Preston,  
Rum, rum, rum !

## Business Directory.

G. E. HAW,

Jokes, Puns and Funny Sayings.

J. E. PRICE,

(p. e. w.)

Call on me for Fiction, Romance, etc.,  
Short stories (?) a specialty.

GEO. G. WORTHEN,

Caterer.

Refreshments furnished on short notice.

H. D. MOISE,

Hot Shot, the Village Detective.

H. HARBY, JR.

Harby's Dime Museum—the wonder  
of the age—with toes but not feet.

JAS. A. PARKS,

Dancing Master.

Handles No. 11's with ease.  
Eighteen years' experience.

J. W. CONOVER,

Author.

Latest Work—"The Dictionaries I  
Have Read."

GOSHORN, Actor.

Now starring with Mrs. Carrie Nation  
in

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM."

O. E. SWARTZ,

Seamstress.

Mending and repairing neatly done.

Business hours from 11 a. m. to 1  
p. m., Sundays.

F. E. ELLIS,

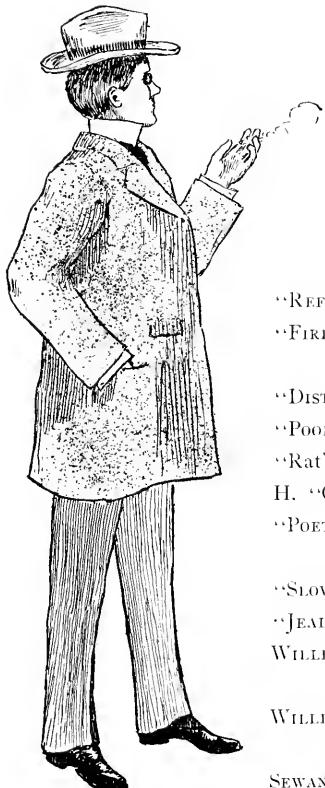
Newspaper Correspondent.

Personal Puffs a specialty.

JAS. W. MARSHALL,

A Wandering Intelligence Bureau.

## S. O. Campbell's Ranch.



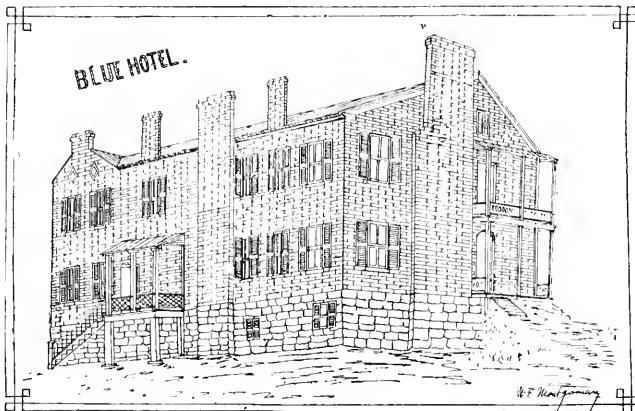
Well.

Who are we? What are we?  
Where are we from?  
We are from Campbell's out on a bum.

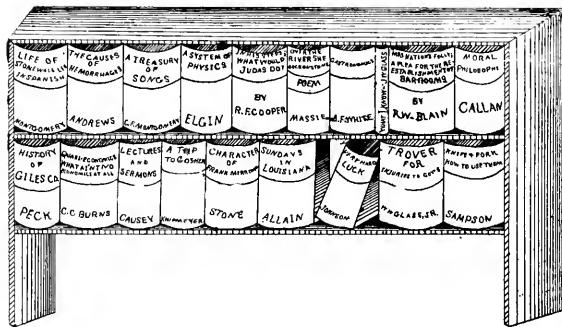
### **Personnel.**

- "REFORMED" C. BIGGS. . . . . Noted for his choice language  
 "FIRE PROOF JIM" CORBETT . . . . .  
     . . . . . He believes nothing—and doubts that  
 "DISTILLERY" DUNCAN. . . . . Keeper of the universal panacea  
 "POOL SHARK" EALS. . . . . Who has "fled the coop"  
 "Rat" G. GOOLSBY. . . . . Regrets necessity for study  
 H. "CALICO" HOBBS. . . . . He has sought new calic worlds  
 "POET-PILOT" JENKINS. . . . . . . . .  
     . . . . . Doing the Jim Bludso act on the Ohio  
 "SLOWEST YET" LAUCK. . . . . The heavy speculator  
 "JEALOUS OF DEACON" LORD. . . . Who fain would be a cynic  
 WILLIE "ESCAPED" McCOY. . . . . . . . .  
     . . . . . Who thinks "they are after him"  
 WILLIAM'S CHUM NEWMAN. . . . . . . . .  
     . . Buys tobacco—sometimes. Writes—all times  
 SEWANEE DANIEL. . . . . . . . . The Great Reminiscer

- |                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| FAVORITE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION..... | Church and State (Presbyterians and Faculty) |
| FAVORITE READING.....               | Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book                       |
| FAVORITE WRITING.....               | Endorsing Scholarship Checks                 |
| FAVORITE STUDY.....                 | Social Freaks of Athens                      |
| FAVORITE WONDER.....                | How Can They Feed us so Well                 |
| FAVORITE ADMIRATION.....            | Ourselves                                    |



### A SHELF FROM OUR LIBRARY.



## Campbell's Ranch.

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ALLAN EPES, VIRGINIA.

STOCKTON HETH, JR., VIRGINIA.

J. G. SALE, VIRGINIA.

S. H. FLOYD, JR., MISSISSIPPI.

S. A. WITHERSPOON, JR., MISSISSIPPI.

R. H. ALLEN, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

T. C. WILSON, VIRGINIA.

W. E. BOZEMAN, MISSISSIPPI.

N. G. WOODSON, VIRGINIA.

H. B. GRAYBILL, WEST VIRGINIA.

---

Every day he must drink down his Lithia,  
Pull his mustache, and argue with you :  
End the dispute he'll never let you,  
Settling law points with a sporty, I'll *bet you*.

He's authority on base and foot ball,  
Every game he sees—never misses at all.  
To study and calico, he takes it by spells,  
His hustling and scrapping are fine—so he tells.

Skales he goes by—J. Graham is better :  
A calico man both in town and by letter.  
Lawyers love his wisdom, he gives it free :  
Endless his predictions about scores to be.

Fine in apparel, with diamonds to burn :  
Long in his stories of the aces he'll turn.  
Only four feet, three, but his six-shooter along :  
You coons be careful, to the devil you'll belong.  
“Damnation to ‘Nigs’” is his favorite song.

A man of stature twice that of the above;  
Learned in law as well as in love :  
Lion-hearted and witty, he'll give you a tussle.  
Either with words, or better, with muscle :  
Never a centre-rush like “Uncle Russell.”

Whenever he thinks, he puffs his foul pipe :  
It he doesn't forget, it's a mixture ripe.  
Lectures on horses—stories of “moonshine” :  
Songs? Oh, no; he deals not in rhyme.  
On his ancestors and “wah, wah,” really a fiend :  
Now at chess, now work every “teacamp” keen.

**B**ut here is "Boozy," ever in for a lark,  
**O**n Psychology and Sociology he's surely a shark.  
**Z**oo-ology, oh, hush! Of it he's so full,  
**E**ven he thinks he wont pull the bull.  
**M**any author's he quotes, on songs, too, he dotes;  
**A** visitor's sure to meet his doom,  
**N**o one's allowed in Bozeman's room.

**W**ith his brow full of lines, his head nearly bald,  
**O**ver law books he lingers, not loafing at all ;  
**O**nly the ring of the dinner bell,  
**D**oes ever break his doleful spell.  
**S**ometimes, however, his thoughts will stray,  
**O**nly about mail time, once in a day ;  
**"N**orman Gara's" in love, so they all say.

**G**erman is surely his greatest bug-bear,  
Righteous he may be, but this makes him swear :  
**A**nd anywhere near to the midnight hour  
**Y**ou may drop in and help him devour ;  
**B**e it German or catsup, or candy or cakes,  
**I**n devouring them all first stand he takes.  
**L**earns and then eats, he eats and then learns,  
**L**et him alone, he digests them by turns.

**W**ith insomnia, he says, he's suffering so,  
**I** really fear to ruin he'll go.  
**T**hrough lack of sleep he's growing pale,  
**H**as to cut class or his health will fail.  
**E**asy to awaken—a good mark for Cupid ;  
**R**eady for a scrap, he's never found stupid.  
**S**panish stories he has in very great store,  
**P**icked from Guatamalan scenes of gore—  
**O**ften found tho' in Spanish text-book's lore.  
**O**n examination day he's awake sure enough,  
**N**o one can beat "Withers" in running a bluff.



# Central House alias Rockbridge Hotel.

Change is the word, the house itself  
Could not keep its name;  
A change of boarders every week  
And waiters not the same.

Change is the word, 'tis all around,  
You feel it in the air,  
A change in rates calls for more "change"  
But not a change in fare.

**Favorite Song:** "I'm a=livin' easy  
On pork chops greasy."

## Old "Regulars."

"JUDGE" MAHONEY, United States, Can-  
ada, Ireland, Cincinnati and Goshen.  
"His only fault is his hair."  
"DAN" TUCKER, Arkansas,  
"Arkansas Traveler."  
"TRIPOD" COLLINS, New York and Vir-  
ginia,  
"What's in a name?"

"MIKE" McRAE, Arkansas.  
What makes him look so solemn,  
So blear-eyed and so pale?  
It is not from hard study,  
And "thereby hangs a tale."  
"SPIDER" WEBB, Maryland.  
Rather fly tho' for a spider.

## Grabbers.

"PARSON" GRAYBILL, West Virginia.  
The praying member.

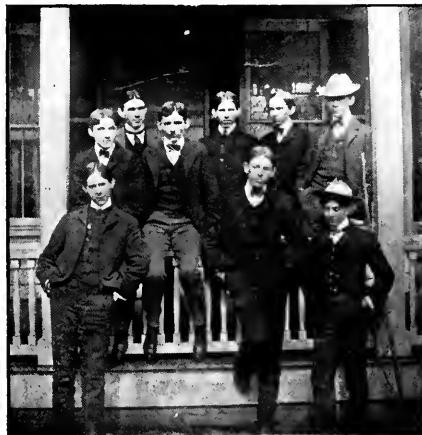
{ "NORMAN GARA" WOODSON, Va.  
"UNCLE RUSS" ALLEN, Va.  
Companions in misery.

## Among the "Bas=Beens."

"SENATOR" CLARK, Texas.  
Brief but brilliant was his course.  
"BILLY" MAGUIRE, Massachusetts.  
He found another roost.  
"BOOZY" BOZEMAN, Mississippi.  
"I'm a (hic) true Mississippi (hic) gentleman  
(hic)."  
"CUTIE" FLOYD, Mississippi.  
He sought big game and found it.  
"BEEF" ROBINSON, Kentucky.  
The only tender beef ever seen here.  
DAVIS CONRAD, Virginia.  
"The hairs of his head are numbered."  
"SANDY" BAKER, Virginia.  
Pitcher full of water  
Thrown along the hall,  
"Deed I didn't know 'twould  
On the missus fall."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS HENRY, Ten-  
nessee.  
He was gathered in unto his fathers.  
"MUD" DENNIS, Maryland.  
You can foretell from all his words  
From every song and tune,  
Such virtue must q tite shortly take  
"A trip to Heaven" soon.  
"GRIM" SALE, Virginia.  
"I have troubles of my own."  
"SUGAR" WITHERSPOON, Mississippi.  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."  
"INNOCENT" EPES, Virginia.  
"REUBEN" HETH, Virginia.  
"KICKER" WILSON.

# Booker Ranch.



W. S. ROBERTSON, JR.

H. H. ROUSS.

J. C. HUDGINS.

J. C. WYSOR.

C. A. BOAZ.

E. E. BOOKER.

C. H. YOUNG.

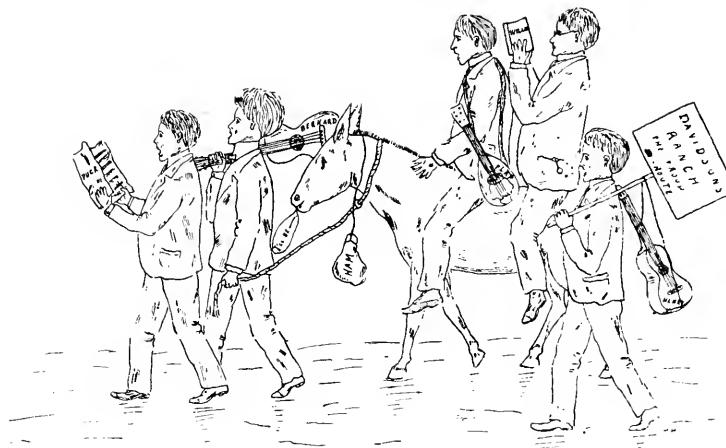
W. C. YOUNG.

S. H. FLOYD.

## Bratton Ranch.

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NAMES.	ALIAS.	VOCATION.	FAVORITE DRINK.	PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.	AT TABLE.	ST. PETER'S GREETING.
Arnold .....	One Eye.....	Studying catalogues.	Temperance soda water.	Holding five acres.	No time for talking.	Give me a drink of old Bourbon.
Carney.....	Baron Munchausen.	Shooting people (?)	Bay rum.	Telling fish tales.	Pass 'em 'lasses.	Where is Alabama, anyway.
Fielder .....	Gripper .....	Having a corking good time.	Tobasco sauce.	Being from Texas.	Pass the hen fruit.	Leave artillery outside.
Handlan .....	Nubbins .....	Sliding on the nose.	Whiskey straight.	Rubber tired in the neck.	Gimme some more cakes.	No Wheeling stogies allowed.
Morgan .....	J. Pierpont...	Dodging Squire.	"Unfermented" grape juice.	Oneryness.	Readth and eating maketh a full man.	Sick 'em, Porto.
Thompson...	Old Noey.....	Running from laundry boy.	Old Kentucky rye.	Punctuality at the table.	Let everything come my way.	One door lower, my boy.
Whipple .....	Fashion Plate.	Riding the "Jack."	Brownsburg "rot gut."	Gracefulness.	All biscuits look alike to me.	To attendant: "Let him in; he is too green to burn."



## Davidson Ranch—as We are Known.

### Cast of Characters.

Sir Waggletongue.....	PANCAKE
Duke of Jacktown ; Cute One.....	HALL
Sir Critic.....	B. B. SHIVELY
Count Author.....	W. B. HANKINS
Puck the Perfect.....	BRIDGES

### ACT I.

[SCENE:—In pantry at midnight; enter Sir Waggletongue and Duke; Cute One.]

SIR WAGGLETONGUE—"Ah, ha ! Cute One, dost this melancholy bespeak a sadder event, or be it from a sickly cause; surely your's is a healthy condition?"

CUTE ONE—"Alas ! Sir Waggletongue, my goodly spirits vanished when I sadly beheld at this evening tea, that my plate of grits was no more." Enter Critic, overhearing.

SIR CRITIC—"Tis cruel; aye, passing cruel to rob one of that which he most adores. Such a grieved wrong." Enter Count Author and Puck the Perfect.

COUNT AUTHOR—"Sir Critic, I read Hamlet today; thinkest thou him crazy, or gravely superstitious?"

PUCK THE PERFECT—"Judge not the defects of others, lest ye be judged accordingly."

SIR CRITIC—"Tis a ponderous question, but to me his mind were wandering, or else it were the Authors."

### ACT II.

[Exit all.]

[SCENE: In Puck's apartment next day; enter Puck the Perfect and Sir Waggletongue.

PUCK THE PERFECT—"Woe is me, that I must dwell in such a world."

SIR WAGGLETONGUE—"How now, Perfect One : thy condition apparently speaks of discontent?"

PUCK THE PERFECT—"Tis true, lack-a-day ; when I did prepare myself last night for rest, behold, before me in ghostly shape appeared the ghost of Ham." Enter Duke of Jacktown.

DUKE—"I likewise have been disturbed by this lingering ghost, who continually taunts me for cutting him at supper." Count Author entering—

COUNT AUTHOR—"Oh, ho ! a plot for me ; a second Hamlet's ghost."

SIR CRITIC—"Indeed a plot, but not a Master's Piece.

CHORUS—Rah, Rah, Ree !

Rah, Rah, Rus !

What the —

Is the matter with us?

Nothing at all,

Nothing at all,

Panakee, Hankins, Shively,

Bridges and Hall !

[Exit—flourish.]

# The White House.

---

## Yell.

Breck—er—reck—er rash, rash, rash,  
Soup—Soup—Hash—Hash.

---

Colors: Green, White and Green. Motto: "Who's dat said chicken in dis crowd."

Ranch Badge: Bell.

---

## Announcement.

Attractions at White Ranch this Season,

### TRAGEDY---One Night Only.

The Great Tragedie Humorist,

### *Sol Smith Russell Osborne,*

Late leading man of the Lexington Hotel Co., in the sublime and pathetic Melodrama,

### "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight."

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE—Vaudeville at the White Ranch Bijou!

---

## CAST AND SYNOPSIS.

ACT I, SCENE 1. Mr. Sammie Hairston appears in his famous role as a nerveless suitor, too conscientious to hold the hand of his lady-love.

His unnatural brother, Georgie Hairston, will impersonate the villain seeking to alienate the affections of the unsuspecting maiden. (To accord with the notorious characteristic of the two characters, this scene is necessarily very short. In "acting short" the two are experts.)

SCENE 2. Opens with a mute soliloquy by Mr. Breckenridge entitled, "It's Not so Much What I Say, but How I Look," followed by a dialogue by Mr. Brooks with himself, who, with childish exuberance, punctuates the air with gestures and emits volumes of gas.

Mr. Flannery is booked to take part in this scene, but owing to gastronomical preoccupation, usually fails to appear.

ACT II. SCENE 1. Thrilling race between the falling stars, Wall and Tuten, from cupola to breakfast table. Holds the spectators with intense interest, as each gentleman for that distance claims the championship of the world.

Notice—During the excitement of this scene the spectators will beware of confidence men, especially Senor Clayton, who may be recognized by his glittering and unique watch charm.

N. B.—While the scenery is being shifted the management will hold a BABY SHOW. All holding tickets are entitled to vote. Two fine hearty infants have already been entered by their fond nurses—Happy Thomas and Laughin' Barnett.

SCENE 2. This scene, touching and pathetic, is entitled, "The Mystery of the Timepiece, or who found Crockett's Watch?"

While Mr. Crockett explains this to the audience the famous IRISH BELL RINGER, Mr. Feamster, will give an exhibition. This gentleman's specialty consists in ringing all known and available bells at once, including every combination yet contrived from door bells to alarm clocks. This performance occurs promptly at 11 P. M., except when Mr. Feamster is otherwise engaged in the parlor.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

Entre Proprietress—Exit Babies!

#### GRAND FINALE.

SCENE—The Mess Room. Present—Everybody at the table, except Mr. Fox, the broken down ball-tosser, and the emaciated Crockett, who have been relegated to a side table because of unbecoming remarks to the other boarders. These gentlemen have, since some one made that mystic remark, "To run that dog out," been forced to devour their soup and molasses, unassisted by the cheering remarks of Wall and Tuten and the mellow (?) laughter of Barnett.

Throughout this scene Mr. Breckenridge addresses endearing words to the lady visitors, while Rhode Island Feamster makes goo-goo eyes across the table. Brooks, the plunger and spendthrift, makes the rest of the boarders feel like the price of four Coco-Colas, while he tells of the fortunes he has "blowed in" on admiring females. Exclamations, "Is dat so" and "I am comin' in a lope," puncture the otherwise placid flow of conversation and buttermilk.

Religion is argued from every point but a religious one, while the courses come and go, but beans go on forever.

Mr. Allen unsteadily arises and, prefacing his remarks with the appalling announcement that he thinks it's going to snow, brandishes the remnants of a chicken bone and discourses upon the relative merits of New Orleans and Porto Rican molasses, and ends by making and seconding a resolution that now, henceforth and forever, the White Ranch and New Orleans molasses be one and inseparable.

#### CURTAIN.

Continuous side show performance at all hours.

SPECIALTIES: "Brooksie," a reformed tramp, about to study law.

"Crooksie," the Great, Big, Fat, Bustin' Baby.

"Brecksie," Facial Contortionist and Iobie-shooter.

## The Freshman's Luck.

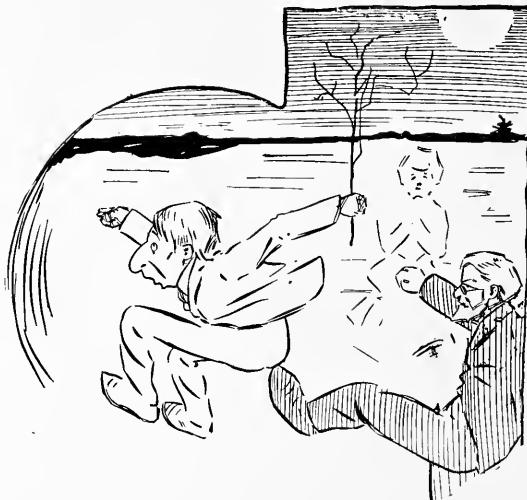
The freshman sat beside the maid,  
The moon shone bright and clear;  
Alas, the freshman did not know  
The maiden's sire was near.

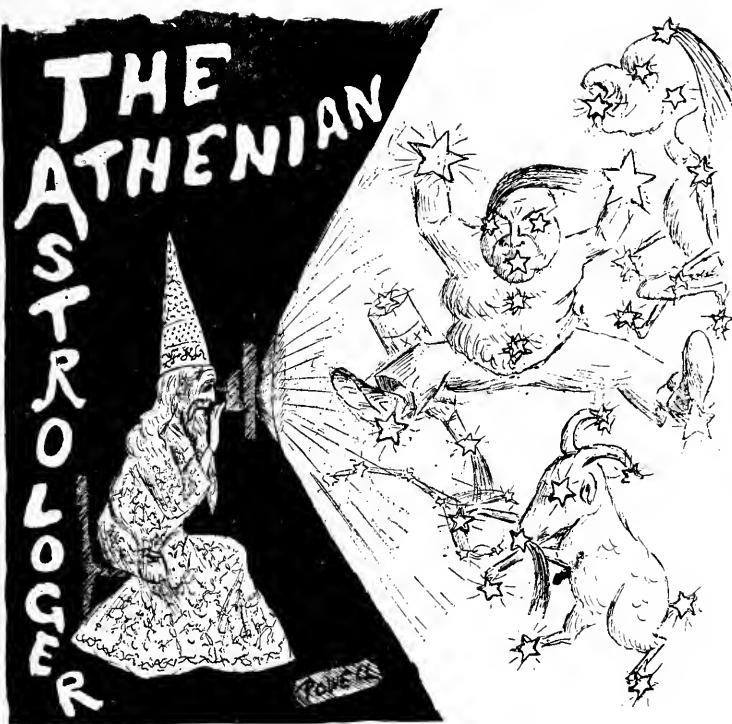


The freshman nestled  
close to her,  
The moon went under  
a cloud;  
His lips touched hers,  
their noses met,  
But the freshman  
kissed too loud.



The sire he heard that little  
“smack”  
While the cloud obscured the  
moon;  
The freshman—well, he didn’t  
go back,  
The cloud passed by too  
soon.





"Ye Stars, which are the poetry of heaven,  
In your bright leaves we would read the fate of men."

**"JENKS."** This stalwart specimen first saw the bright sunbeams during that remote period known as the Dark ages. Astral conjunctions prevailing at his birth, (Minerva taking large drafts of the Year Books, the Wash-Lee Jupiter threatening to beat V. M. I. at football and Vulcan playing draw poker with the Gemini) contributed to a compromise of conflicting interests, with headquarters at Riley's. As his mug indicates, he is a man of strong determination—this quality having been frequently manifested by unalterable and unbroken resolves to do nothing. Will probably succeed as Chairman of College Mass Meetings. His subsidiary job is writing poetry—and specials—for the *Times*.

**BOOKER.** Ushered into the universe with the sun (son) suffering from locomoter ataxia, Apollo afflicted with plastic palsy, and balance of Olympus asleep, except Neptune, fumbling a football, and the Milky Way smoking cig-

arettes. Would do well as Official Extender of the Freedom of the City or at a desk in the Pension Department. His main reason for living is that "shuffling off" would involve certain exertions.

**BROOKS.** Born at high-tide, with Neptune blowing a fog-horn, Sappho taking another drink, and Minerva reading the Code of Virginia. His strong point is "before a jury" on Common Law Marriage, about which he knows much. Would make a splendid second mate on a pirate brig.

**KEEBLE.** This midget was born young and will always remain so. The planetary aspect controlling his nativity, the Dog Star writing alleged poetry, the Little Dipper half full and Orion editing the Celestial "Mag," was most unfortunate. He is a hard student of everything—except his books. Loves to look upon the faces of Kings and Queens, but fears he will never see the Royal Flush. His chief distinction is capture of the S. B. C. Oratorship.

**LAUCK.** Started his career while Time was sleeping and Lachesis was generously disposed. The signs were favorable, with Felicisso in the ascendant, Saturn cornering college honors, and the planetary editors publishing only their own stuff. Would do well as a human snail in a dime museum. Very unappreciative of his salary; is a lover of the ideal; and is a quasi-gospel-shark. A favorable environment for him would be a German university.

**ANDREWS.** Metis was attending morning chapel, Hygeia pitching base ball and Nemesis writing phillipics in his heart's blood when this young man concluded to waste a few years in the universe. The stars say that he ought to do well as a Western newspaper; has achieved great distinction in base ball and wire pulling.

**MAHONEY.** The whole heavenly family were having a rough house when this lad determined to move to earth. Calliope had turned on full steam and was lecturing to the law class of Pallas. As he quit Olympus, Vulcan had just started the blast furnace and that impressed him strongly. Probably would make a great success as a composite talker on law, economics, politics and people that he has known. Would be bearable if muzzled.

**CRAMER.** Fraternitas was organizing Alpha Sigma Sigma, Sapientia had gone out of business, and Pandora had opened her box to let loose another affliction when this arrived. Since his advent the followers of Darwin feel that their chain of reasoning is complete. He is not expected to succeed at all—except in one particular, that we will leave for inference.

**BLEDSOE.** When this "Melancholy Dane" stopped off, Niobe was in tears, Philomela's song had sunk into a sob of despair, and Mars, all covered with the blood of battle, had refused to leave the foot ball field. His long residence in Lexington has made him peculiarly partial to the locality. Being a leading member of the S. B. C. he cannot hope to succeed, and would be disappointed if he did.

**SYDENSTRICKER.** This "Chink" has a stand-in with the stars, having made his first mistake in the Celestial Empire. When he was born, Concordia was perusing the Analects of Confucious, Sibylla glancing over Mr. Buddha's little salvation scheme, Miriam holding the tables, Venus Aphrodite enjoying the Alcoran, and Virginia was boning up the Long Catechism. This has caused confusion in his philosophy almost as unexplainable as the distinction in the dialects of North and South China. He has strong natural prejudices against steam laundries, and was attracted to this University by the misleading "Wash-Lee." Would do well as The Human Ice Box, or The Man Without Expression.

**TUCKER.** Echo was in the ascendant, Fortuna was expectorating tobacco juice on the imperial floors, and Fides was working on the family tree when this distinguished creature deigned to come among the children of men. Would make a good advertisement for Henry County Plug Tobacco Company.

**CORBETT.** Xanthippe was ruling the roost, Lacrimosa had put on a sweater, Mercury proceeded to make a political deal with Saturn when this vote manipulator arrived on the scene. It is whispered that the Moot Court Clerkship more than filled his political stomach, accounting in part for the existence of S. B. C. His specialty is Senior Law Class elections and cutting "exams." Will succeed as a closet politician, his motto being: "Wait until you have a majority, then call the meeting."

**GLASGOW.** While Adorea and Erato were playing tennis and the Earth was joining the V. M. C. A., this handsome child was born. His chief crimes consist of psalm-singing and gospel-sharking. Would probably succeed as Main Guy in an Evangelistic tent.

**"KNIP."** I-no was reading Thayer as the parole evidence rule, Bacchus was just learning to drink, Terpsichore was doing a short turn, and that fresh young thing, Aurora, was bragging about Missouri when he came to town. He is an information shark, which means he plugs on a subject for three days in order to try some one on the answer. His main characteristics are modesty and small teeth. Would accomplish great results as a book agent for Coke's Reports.

**PRESTON.** When this great man was born Ego was generated in the Constellation. It is painful to see him think—'tis a visible operation. His love of humanity has all been inwardly directed. His favorite amusement is plugging. He will doubtless make a name in the realm of spell-bindery.

**BOAZ.** Psyche was the whole thing when he arrived, but Thisbe and Galatea added their softening influences. He thinks that one should study women, not books, and is the only man in College who can look out for five calic at one time. Philosophia was at her zenith just before his birth, and it is said that traces of her pre-natal influence can be distinguished—once in a great while. Would make tons of money in the ladies' tailoring business.

**HAIRSTON.** All the stars on a spree and I-o borrowing money when he perpetrated his presence on a long-suffering world. Has won the friendship of Manager Goshorn and a reputation for unreliability. The signs are not clear as to whether he will break into Congress.

**ROBINSON.** Psyche was dictating sentences warm and eloquent, Harmonia was casting her peaceful influence over the law class, and Terpsichore was staying awake nights devising ways and means for the Final Ball when "Beef" hit the earth in a high place. He was a famous writer until the Ring Tum Phi critic touched his sensitiveness. Principally famous for his inoffensivness and his effort to go this life without effort. Could make a fortune as a sandwich man for restaurants.

**FOSTER.** The Pleiades had cut class for a month, Hercules, the two Leos and Ursus were training for football season, and Harologium was going to Staunton by the next train. He passes "exams." by giving Florida Statute answers to Common Law questions. Is a firm advocate of the eternal and unalienable right of loafing. Has not wasted a moment in study since entering College. Would do well as the favorite son of a billioniare.



**FRATERNITIES**



# Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

## Alpha Chapter.

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Fraternity Colors: Crimson and Gold.

---

### In Collegio.

R. H. ALLEN.	S. C. BAGLEY.	W. J. TURNER.
ROBERT RING.	R. P. DANIEL.	W. L. NEWMAN.
E. K. FOSTER.	W. R. ALLEN.	W. E. BOZEMAN.
S. H. FLOYD.	C. F. MONTGOMERY.	J. M. HUTCHESON.

---

### In Urbe.

D. M. BARCLAY.	J. H. CAMPBELL.	E. P. COLES.
M. B. CORSE.	H. C. FORD.	W. Z. JOHNSTON.
G. D. LETCHER.	FRANCIS MALLORY.	G. P. MARROW.
R. C. MARSHALL.	T. MILTON.	E. McD. MOORE.
E. W. NICHOLS.	HUGH STOCKDELL.	N. B. TUCKER.

---

Number of Chapters, 50; Alumni Chapters, 15.

Established Washington and Lee University, 1865.



## Zeta Chapter of Sigma Chi.

Established 1866.

---

### In Facultate.

GEORGE H. DENNY, Ph. D.

---

### In Collegio.

J. R. TUCKER.

W. D. CONRAD.

C. G. MASSIE.

J. E. PRICE.

G. B. SHIELDS.

J. M. DENNIS.

J. K. GRAVES.

W. A. BAKER.

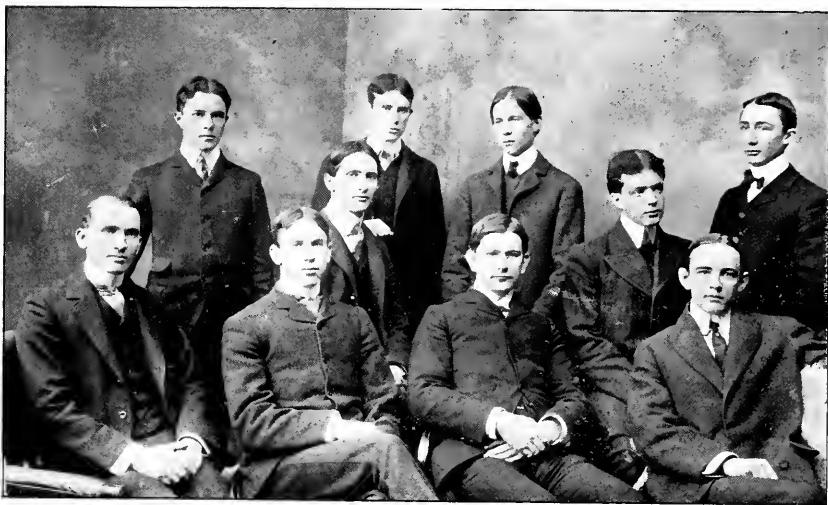
W. S. ROBERTSON, JR.

M. P. BURKS, JR.

R. W. CRAWFORD.

---

Active Chapters, 51.



# **Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.**

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON IN 1848.

---

## **In Facultate.**

DAVID CARLISLE HUMPHREYS, C. E.

WILLIAM SPENSER CURRELL, M. A., Ph. D.

---

## **In Universitate.**

J. C. MCPHEETERS.

G. N. FORRESTER.

R. W. McCRUM.

H. HALL.

WM. ALLAN.

A. TABB.

S. MCP. GLASGOW.

---

Active Chapters, 44.

Alumni Chapters, 13.



# Sigma Mu Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE IN 1839.

---

## In Urbe.

J. T. L. PRESTON.

---

## In Universitate.

THOS. A. BLEDSOE.

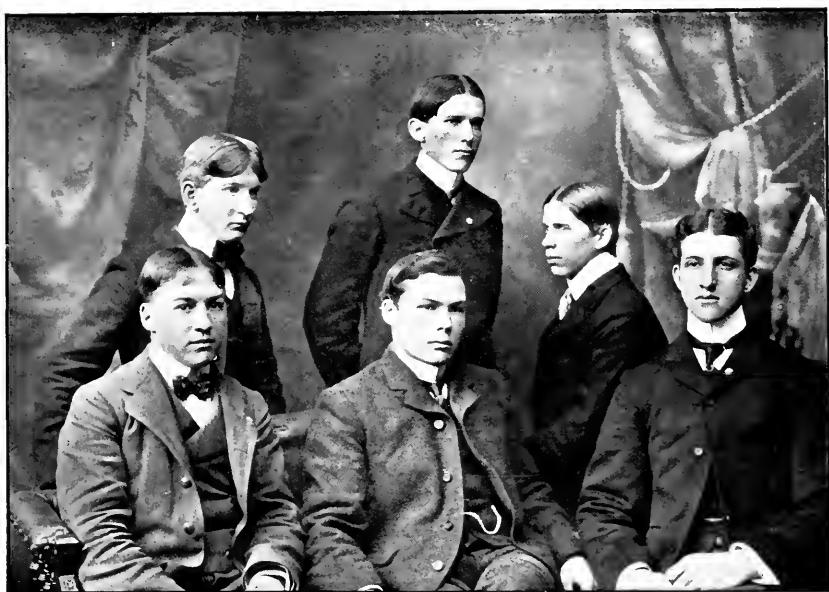
C. A. BOAZ.

W. T. ELLIS.

E. K. VERTNER.

G. C. WEBB.

W. L. THOMPSON.



# **Virginia Zeta Chapter of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.**

ESTABLISHED 1884.

---

## **Fratres in Urbe.**

REV. THORNTON WHALING, D.D.  
DR. HUNTER PENDLETON,  
SAMUEL B. WALKER, JR.  
FRANK HOWARD CAMPBELL.

---

## **Fratres in Universitate.**

### **Academic.**

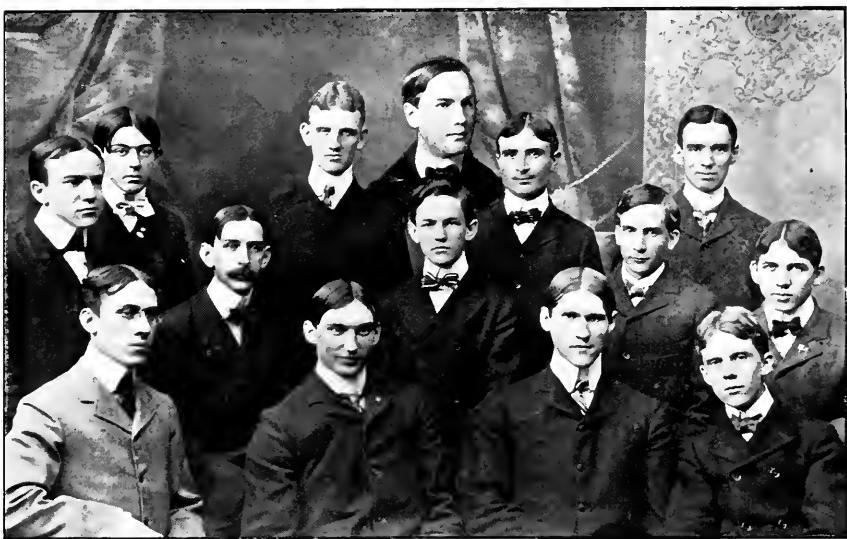
JAMES WIRT MARSHALL.	OTEY TURK FEAMSTER.
HUMPHREY ROBINSON KEEBLE.	SAMUEL ANDREW WITHERSPOON.
JAMES WARREN BAGLEY.	WM. BARRETT HANKINS.
DAVID BRIGHTWELL FIELDER.	THOMAS DWIGHT SLOAN.
HENRY BLAIR GRAYBILL.	

### **Law.**

STOCKTON HETH, JR.	ALLAN EPES.	HORACE MARION FOX.
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Active Chapters, 56.  
Alumni Clubs, 39.



✓

# Alpha Alpha Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma.

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA IN 1850.

---

## In Urbe.

DANIEL E. BROWN.

FRANK MOORE.

---

## In Universitate.

### Academic.

CHARLES S. McNULTY, . . . . .	Virginia
JOHN A. MOORE, . . . . .	Virginia
CHARLES F. SPENCER, . . . . .	Virginia
WILLIAM J. ELGIN, . . . . .	Virginia
D. EVERETT TUCKER, . . . . .	Arkansas
R. H. WOOTERS, . . . . .	Texas
T. C. MCRAE, JR., . . . . .	Arkansas

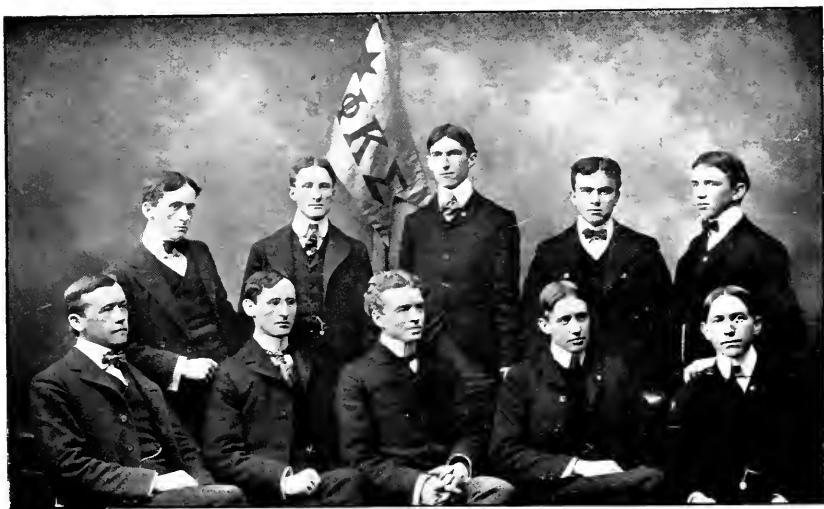
### Law.

WILLIAM W. GLASS, JR., . . . . .	Virginia
J. WOOD GLASS, . . . . .	Virginia
R. O. CROCKETT, . . . . .	Virginia

---

Active Chapters, 30.

Alumni Chapters, 4.



# Virginia Beta Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi.

ESTABLISHED IN 1855.

---

## In Urbe.

W. A. ANDERSON.

J. H. MOORE.

F. D. COE.

W. T. POAGUE.

W. P. IRWIN.

---

## In Facultate.

JAS. A. QUARLES, LL. D.  
W. R. VANCE, Ph. D., B. L.

ADDISON HOGUE, M. A.  
W. C. WERTENBAKER.

---

## In Universitate.

JOHN McNAIR ANDERSON.

ALEXANDER H. S. ROUSS.

LIVINGSTON WADDELL SMITH.

WILLIAM CAMERON YOUNG.

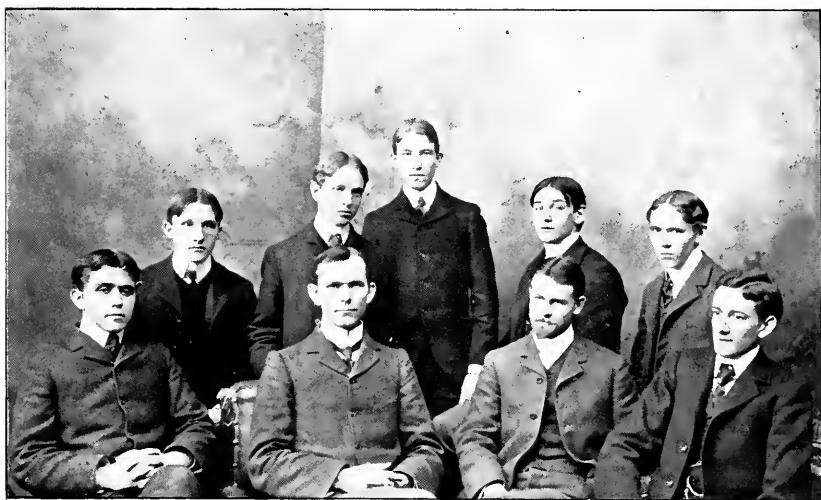
WILLIAM PENDLETON LAMAR.

EDMUND RANDOLPH PRESTON.

OSMAN ELLIS SWARTZ.

Number Active Chapters, 38.

Number Alumni Associations, 27.



# Virginia Sigma Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA IN 1856.

---

## Frater in Facultate.

\* WILLIAM LYNE WILSON, LL. D.

---

## Fratres in Urbe.

EDWARD LACY GRAHAM.

WILLIAM McELWEE.

---

## Fratres in Universitate.

### Academic.

JAMES HARLAN HITER.

CHARLES CRANKSHAW THOMAS.

HERBERT STABLER OSBURN.

PETTET ROBINSON.

REESE CONOR BARNETT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY PRESTON.

EDWIN J. CLARK.

### Law.

COLEMAN ROGERS ROBINSON.

FREDERICK WALTER GOSHORN.

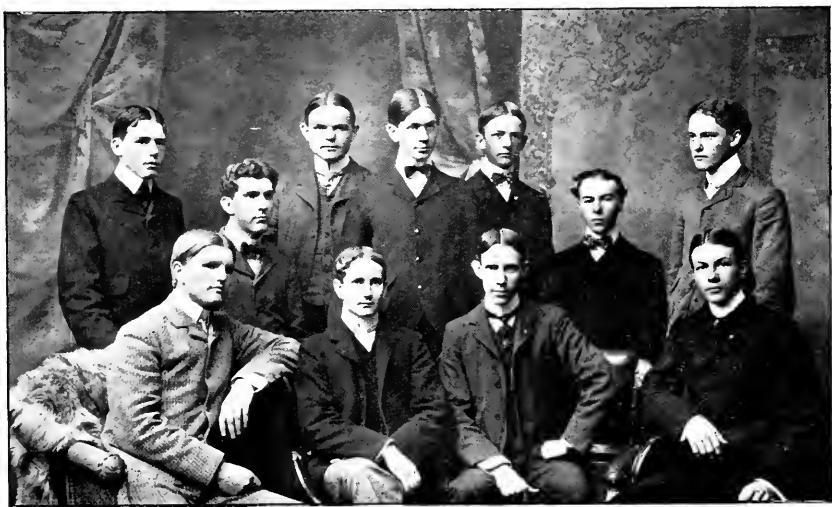
JAMES EDWARD ARBUCKLE.

---

Active Chapters, 56.

Alumni Associations, 26.

\*Died October 17, 1900.



# **Delta Tau Delta Fraternity.**

FOUNDED AT BETHANY COLLEGE IN 1860.

---

## **In Urbe.**

H. EUGENE HYATT.

---

## **In Universitate.**

### **Academic.**

M. P. ANDREWS,

B. D. CAUSEY,

W. D. COOKE,

W. G. PENDLETON,

T. C. TURNER,

G. G. WORTHEN.

### **Engineering.**

THOMAS G. STONE.

---

**Active Chapters, 42.**

**Alumni Chapters, 16.**



# Virginia Alpha Chapter of Mu Pi Lambda.

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, 1895.

---

## In Urbe.

JOHN PRESTON ALLAN.

---

## In Universitate.

### Academic.

WILLIAM PINKERTON OTT.

RICHARD COLLINS LORD.

ALBERT MARSHALL DUNCAN.

AMERICUS FREDERIC WHITE.

F. A. SAMPSON.

EDGAR SYDENSTRICKER.

DAVID EDWIN WITT.

E. W. G. BOOGHER.

BERNARD BOBBS SHIVELY.

GEORGE R. NISWANDER.

WILLIAM JETT LAUCK.

### Law.

WILLIAM MCCOY.

ROMULUS CULVER BIGGS.

THOMAS HENRY EALS.

JOHN CAMERON McCLUER.

GUSTAV ADOLPHUS HENRY.

---

Number of Chapters, 6.



## Theta Mu Epsilon.

---

### In Urbe.

ROBERT L. OWEN.

---

### In Universitate.

J. R. TUCKER.

E. E. BOOKER.

C. R. ROBINSON.

S. C. BAGLEY.

W. J. LAUCK.

G. B. SHIELDS.

F. W. GOSHORN.

J. W. BAGLEY.

W. D. CONRAD.

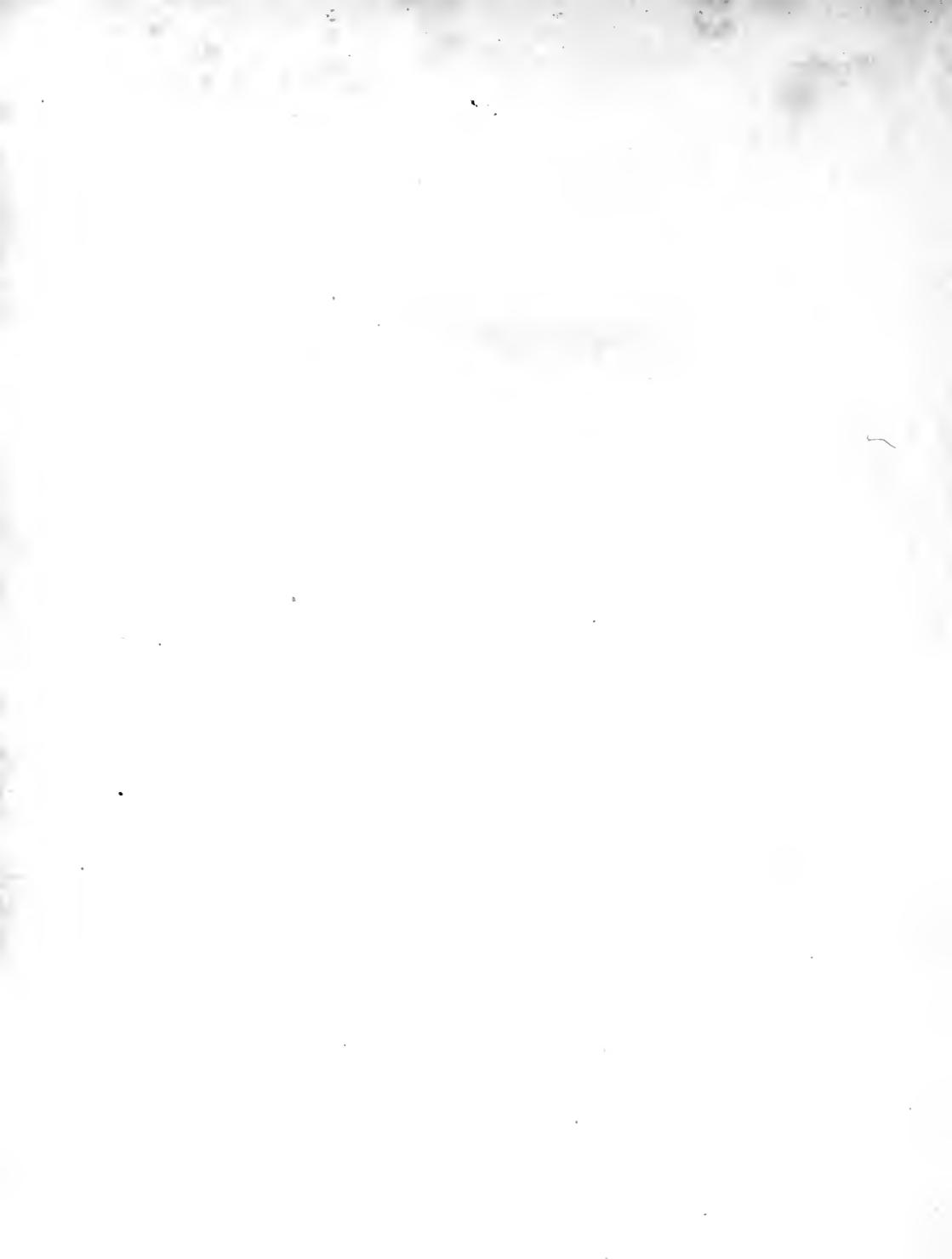
R. H. WOOTERS.

W. A. BAKER.

J. M. DENNIS.

S. J. PANCAKE.





## Fraternity Yells.

---

Hi ! Hi ! Hi !  
Phi Kappa Psi !  
Live ever ! Die never !  
Phi Kappa Psi !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !  
Kappa Alpha !  
Alpha Chapter !  
'Rah ! 'Rah ! Rah !  
Hurray K. A.!  
Hurray K. A.!  
Kappa Alpha !

Hi rickety ! Hopty-do !  
What's the matter with Sigma Nu ?  
Terra-ga-hoo ! Hullo-balloo !  
Lambda Chapter, Sigma Nu.

Hullo-balloo ! Hoo-rah ! Hoo-rah !  
Hullo-bulloo ! Hoo-rah ! Hoo-rah !  
Hoo-rah ! Hoo-rah !  
Phi Kappa Sigma.

Hippi ! Hippi ! Hi !  
Zip ! Zip ! Zelta !  
Fizz ! Boom ! Ah ! Ha !  
Phi Gamma Delta !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !  
'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Ree !  
Virginia Sigma !  
S. A. E.

Who ! Who ! Who am I ?  
I'm a loyal Sigma Chi !

'Rah ! Rah ! 'Rah !  
Phi ! Keia !  
Phi Delta Theta !  
'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! Delta !  
Delta Tau Delta !  
'Rah ! 'Rah ! Delta Tau !  
Delta Tau Delta !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! Rambda !  
Sis ! Boom ! Bambda !  
Virginia Alpha Chapter,  
Mu Pi Lambda.

# S. B. C.

---

JOHN M. CORBETT.  
EDGAR SYDENSTRICKER.  
F. L. DOWNEY.  
R. C. BIGGS.  
MARSHALL DUNCAN.  
J. R. TUCKER.

W. J. LAUCK.  
R. P. DANIEL.  
B. D. CAUSEY.  
H. R. KEEBLE.  
T. A. BLEDSOE.



**Sigma.**

---

P.A.M.O.L.A.  
R.Y.E



**In Urbe.**

D. BARCLAY.

---

**In Universitate.**

E. E. BOOKER.

J. E. ARBUCKLE.

W. D. CONRAD.

S. C. BAGLEY.

W. A. BAKER.

F. W. GOSHORN.

J. W. BAGLEY.

J. M. DENNIS.

J. K. GRAVES.

W. S. ROBERTSON.

## *NONSENSE VERSES.*

---

*A wicked but scholarly rogue,  
Who had finished the course under Hogue,  
Said, "Not very much Greek  
Can I read or speak,  
But you bet I'm a sound theologue."*

---

*A black minstrel man from Kazoo  
Played beautiful airs on the bazoo;  
But his chief delight  
Was in a fight  
To perform with the edge of his razoo.*

---

*A poor misguided Mexican  
Tried to work his "math." with a Lexicon.  
It gave him great pain  
When he searched in vain  
For a verb inscribed in a hexagon.*

---

*Quoth a gallant and game old duck,  
Who had played in very hard luck,  
"When in trouble I slip,  
I keep a stiff upper lip,"  
Which was doing quite well for a duck.*

THE FACULTY AT ONE OF THEIR  
FAVORITE SPORTS.







## Cast and Present.

---

Once I loved a winsome maid  
With fairy form and fair to see,  
And me to dream sweet dreams  
she made.  
Fair to form----the Phatisee !

But lately I've been ostracised,  
And criticised, and scandalized ;  
I'm sure that I've been stigma-  
tized ;  
In fact, I am so paralyzed,  
I feel 's though I'd been cir-  
cumvented !

—H. F.



## A Chat with Old George.



YEAR ago we had a little talk, George. Since then the hot white shafts of summer's high noon have beat down upon your undclothed and uncombed head; the bleak, bare days of autumn have shrouded you in their gloom; winter's winds have shrieked about that high estate which you so dignifiedly occupy; and now have come the gentle, balmy days of spring, when all nature is aglow with indolence, and the base ball team is feeding on Hood's favorite beverage. Seems to me that your wardrobe has run down. You have had one miserable suit of clothes this whole year; the snow even has boycotted you. Harry Lee's loaned their paint to Clark and Henry to decorate the town with, and the Albert-Sidneys are much too cheerful now to use their best-beloved color. Pull your toga about you and brace up, old boy. Clothes don't make the man, though the aesthetic Mr. Graham would have you think so.

We have had trouble this year. That great and good spirit who presided over this school has left us. Young fellows are ashamed to show their feelings, George, especially when they are the right kind of feelings, but there were more moist eyes than you would think when Mr. Wilson died. His health was bad for months before he went, but his eye beamed so kindly, and he always said the right thing in the right way at the right time that every fellow here thought him the brainiest, gentlest, kindest man they ever knew. And they were right, George.

The freshmen became impudent early in the session, led by a beautiful boy from Kentucky, named Tabb. I don't believe he ever killed a man or drank whiskey in his life, George. The class of '03 had a few scrapes with the cohorts of the beautiful Tabb and had to sleep in the oppressive atmosphere of the Wash. Society Hall to guard their flag, which was in close proximity to your own important self. But you know all this. They had a cane rush which you probably overlooked; unfortunately Cramer was uninjured in the battle. His "frat," Alpha Sigma Sigma was delighted at his survival, for Tripod was the only old man back in college.

Funny thing happened in connection with athletics last fall. Lot of fellows, who write and study thought it would be a good thing to let everybody wear those little monogram caps you see. The students held a mass meeting, and the president of the Athletic Association praised the foot ball team, and somebody else told of the hard struggles of Glasgow and McPheeters on the tennis grounds, while another fellow explained how Keeble had worn out his tender frame steering the Blues to victory. By then we were all ready to cry, and "Jenks" put the motion, and it was decided by the foot ball players, and the base ball players, and the boat crews, and

a few sympathizers, that only those who had worked and toiled and played that Athens might win could wear the insignia of rank. And thus are the unselfish rewarded even in this life.

Have you heard about the Wednesday morning punishment, George? We used to hear thoughts expressed in Chapel, but now our spiritual diet is diluted with an ocean of words. Words are so dear to our beloved instructors that they make long lectures about them, and so unkindly are they disposed towards thoughts that they will not put one in. The catalogue says this is not a sectarian school. What are you smiling at, George? One thing is certain; you would not think it a religious one if you could hear the fellows swear after this chapel business. You see, everybody has a hobby, and these professors ride theirs on chapel morning. Mister Hogue recited beautifully for us one morning; Dr. Stevens told us about the balloons of which we read in Junior Physics another day; and Professor Humphreys told us all about everything; then I started to "cutting."

There is a new man here named Burks, from Bedford Circuit. He has a job teaching law, but it is more like a position than a job, he does it so easily. He never has talked in chapel, which is to his credit. He started to once, after the Acting President had begged him. He selected as his subject chapter 103 of the Code, but the Acting President, who is a very politic fellow, said it would not do. You see, George dear, chapter 103 is on married women, and there are so few of them in Lexington that it would have seemed like a discrimination to talk only about them. Mr. Burks said, "Love me, love the Code," and, hugging that precious volume to his breast, sorrowfully moved away.

You know that nervous little fellow who has so much brains. Well, he and the Senior Law Class have not been good friends. He started on the assumption that they were mentally lacking, and they thought he did not know much law. There was a row about examinations, which was not his fault nor theirs, and then some of the class got to pushing kids into the lecture room and persuading the Virginia College girls to march before his desk. All is forgiven now, and each has a better opinion of the other. George, did it ever occur to you how unprecious the folks here are of that young man's talent?

You remember Professor Vance, who was enticed away from Kentucky about ten years ago? And you remember how modest and shrinking he used to be? Well he went to Paris last summer—that's all.

As we are speaking of the law, I want to talk about a good old custom that is being carried on in Tucker Hall. You remember how, when you were a small and vicious boy, you would meet another kid who had on new shoes, and how you would spit on them to "christen 'em." Well, Fox never has gotten over that habit, so when he got here he went over to Tucker Hall and with Epes and others spit tobacco all over the floor. Ran. Tucker knew that the family reputation would be ruined if he allowed strangers to lead him in honoring the Hall. So he purchased a large slug of Nosegay tobacco and worked overtime along the same line. This forced the Board of Trustees to purchase three spittoons, and it was sad to see them hand out the dough.

"Knip" and Glass are trying to get a prize or something here. "Knip" thought he had best bootlick the Law Faculty by learning to chew. If they could observe the heroic efforts which he makes to enjoy the vile habit I think they would tell this amateur bad boy that chewing was not part of the course.

You knew Brooks was here? Certainly, no reason why you should not. You are not deaf. You ought to meet Mahoney. He is a receiver by profession, and an anecdote (with details) relates on the side. He knew a lot of law when he came here, but now he says he would not be willing to testify as an expert on any branch of it.

Who is Final Ball President? Why, "Beef," the Arbitrator Elegantiae of Athens, of course. He takes those sort of things, as well as himself, seriously, and so he got the place. He claims to know where three dancing calic reside, and is confident he can get them to the Final Ball.

It is said that Foster is going to move this town over to Staunton. He is tired of paying out his hard money to the express company, and barrels are shipped at the risk of the consignee.

In several houses about town it is rumored that there is a young lady, three and a half years of age, on whom neither Clayton nor Elgin have called. This is criminal neglect. Why should they discriminate?

"Jake" has gone to Lynchburg, and Dewey, having no one to protect him from a harsh and unfeeling world, has returned to Staunton.

Speaking of them naturally reminds me of the Y. M. C. A. McNulty is the large tent pole for the ensuing meeting. Sammie is still there, and Willie is studying "What a Young Man Ought to Know," and incidentally wondering who will be indicted at the next sitting of the grand jury. At the "Wash" celebration "Sammie" was vice-president, and, George, he was attired in a dress suit and a pair of red socks, principally the latter. We all knew he was warn, but never dreamed of his being such a hot rag as that.

Did you see the Chemistry benches burn? No, that's a fact, your back was turned to the holocaust. The fellows say those benches were the hardest things to make burn they ever tried.

Now, to come to a more serious matter, why should Shiveley pay tuition? Do you know of any precedent for this high-handed action of charging him for coming here? May be it is because he is a North-western Yankee. It is admitted that he is not a preacher's son and don't intend to be a preacher; he is not related to any one of the trustees or professors; that he was not born in Rockbridge or any other Alumni Scholarship county; and that he is not an athletic star, nor an active member of the Y. M. C. A. Still it looks hard for this lad so far from home having to cough up his tuition when he could spend it so much more pleasantly with Mr. John LaRowe.

By the way, did you hear about the good moral qualification attached to scholarships now? At first we thought it would depopulate the school, but we found that the rule had no relation to scholarships for preachers' sons and those whose boys will be the sons of preachers.

Not much college spirit here this year. It is kept bottled up down at Staunton, and now and then a bottle of it is imported.

What is that noise, you say? It must be local option getting in its work. No, that is Dr. George Denny; that's his daily exercise in lung gymnastics.

George, I wish you could come down one night. Dr. "Jim" Crow has a suite of rooms over the post office (no curious women around to wonder what causes hilarious laughter, etc., you understand); we certainly could have a time, and Dr. Crow would tell us about Germany, and we would enjoy it—in that condition.

Andrews and Mr. Kennedy made up. They say the reconciliation, which was affected by Dr. George Denny, was most touching. This is a relief to you, I know, because you must have been tired of inhaling the fumes from the blood in which the "Captain's" denunciations were written. Through the whole controversy that ex-caDET, Varner, stroked his beard and said, "What a charming world this is!"

Do you know anything about the stamp language? There is a great tall fellow here who speaks as if it were a complicated method of expression. Did you have it in your day, and is it really difficult? This tall fellow wants to teach it, and says that if it is not a source of pleasure to us "that the English language has lost its weight, and things are not what they seem."

"Jenks" has gone, but don't weep, George, he will be back some day. His education is not complete; there are one or two more billiard shots that the Squire's son is going to teach him.

The students' friend is sad, George. He is coming to realize that you cannot spend the money you have rung from your friends and keep it, too. It is rumored that he is going to try to recoup his finances by "feeding himself on a piece of bacon tied to a string, and half-soleing his pants with seaweed." "Shylock" is bearing up bravely on a 3000 per cent. profit. His chief source of worry is the revenue stamp he has to place on checks that the boys give him.

The Literary Societies have thrived, George. The "Washy" had a calic meeting, and a fellow from China, named Sydenstricker, intimated to the audience his opinion of this town and its people. And they did not like it. One of the calic said, "Who could expect much from a China man, anyhow?" I may be wrong, old boy, but seemed to me they had enough.

The Graham-Lee was addressed by the Acting President, Dr. Denny, and Señor Montgomery of the Blue Hotel. The speech of the latter was a conglomeration of English and Spanish to suit his mixed audience. After a glowing enology "to Stonewall Lee and Robert E. Jackson," he launched forth into classic Castilian, and the other two speakers, not knowing that tongue, opened their mouths with astonishment. The fellows enjoyed it, but the Señor would not respond to the encore given.

Do you know anything about the S. B. C.? That is a suggestive title. No, you did not guess right; it's worse than that. Hated not to let you in on that funeral, old boy, but we had to keep it quiet. Those fellows are pretty bright, but they are terribly wicked. No respect for man or policeman. Somebody told me they spoke unkindly of the Faculty, and even wondered if you were really great!!! Don't get excited, old boy, this is a free country, and you are not at Mount Vernon.

Would talk longer, but, having acquired the prayer-meeting habit, am compelled to leave you for that diversion.

## *A PARTING SIGH.*

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**L**ET me breathe one parting sigh  
For the woman I have lost;  
Let me breathe it though I die,  
One last, at any cost.  
I worshipped her with all my heart;  
May God my witness be.  
Ah, let me breathe one parting sigh,  
For she was false to me.

Soft eyes of childish innocence,  
A form of elfish grace,  
A voice of gentlest melody,  
A sweet and faultless face,  
And every other fem'nine charm  
That ever earth did see.  
Ah, let me breathe one parting  
sigh,  
For she was false to me.

Why doubt I the heavens  
And the vaulted sky beyond?  
Why do I loathe my being  
And avoid the erstwhile fond?  
Because, if any purity  
In earth or heaven be,  
An angel never could deceive,  
And she was false to me.





TYPES OF SOUTHERN BEAUTY.





## Alva Esten.

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In the spring when birds were singing,  
And the moss-rose budding gently,  
In the fragrant leafy meadow,  
Where all nature breathed nepenthe,  
And the violet in the woodland  
Waking from its leafy nestling,  
Feeling kisses zephyrs gave it,  
Hung its head in sweet contentment.

Strolling by the 'plaining brooklet,  
Where it tumbles o'er the craglets,

In confused, fantastic rainbows,  
Dashing diamonds into fragments,  
Saw he then fair Alva Esten  
Plucking poppies, building castles,  
Dreaming dreams of knights and heroes,  
Bending, off ring vows and vassals ;  
In the brilliance of the morning  
Musing on the turing future,  
On a happy home and family,  
Reared in love, enshrined in virtue.

Pausing where the sunlight, freckled  
With the shade of locust's blossom,  
Fell upon her peerless features  
And upon her snowy bosom,  
Making gold the many ringlets  
Of her tresses brown and sheening.  
Stood she there a Grecian model,  
Startled, and a goddess seeming !  
For no pen, or brush of artist,  
And no steel of sculptors wielding,  
Can depict the living beauties  
Of fair woman flushed and breathing.

As the fawn, at sight of panther,  
Timorous, pauses ere its fleeing,  
So, with dainty hand uplifted,  
Alva, seeing, hesitated ;  
But his marked respect and deference,  
Couched in frank and manly bearing,  
As the sun soft mist dispelling,  
Sat each doubt to disappearing.

Cultured, and of native talent,  
In refined and graceful wording,  
Told he stories of his travels,  
Of his life, his bliss and suffring ;

And she list'ning, as they wandered  
Toward her father's stately mansion,  
Smiled his blisses, sighed his sorrows,  
Blushing, gave him all attention.

When 'twixt young and comely persons  
Friendship's spark is once ignited,  
Often, ere the mind discovers,  
Wild impassioned love is lighted.  
So, discerned sweet Alva Esten  
As the days passed into fortnights,  
And observing, loved the passion,  
That had crept upon her thoughtless.

Loved the passion, loved her hero :  
And believed on his protesting,  
That he loved her, and consented,  
When he urged her to a trysting,  
And his lips in fervent kisses,  
Meeting hers (the sweet invasion  
He assumed when they accosted),  
Seemed to her no desecration.

Were they not engaged to marry ?  
Was he not the soul of honor ?  
Could he even *think* an action  
That would c'er reflect upon her ?  
She, so thinking, dearly loving,  
Happy in his fond caresses,  
Feels his manly arms around her,  
Blushing, sighing, yields her kisses.

As he told her his devotion,  
And her great brown eyes were flashing  
Back the love his lips discovered,  
In his gallant courtly fashion,  
Showed her beauty such a lustre,  
Soft and yet imbued with fire,  
As adorned enamored Psyche,  
Seeing slumbering Cupid by her.

In the shady nook he'd chosen,  
For their happy trysting bower,

Seemed to reign a sweet enchantment  
Brightening every leaf and flower,—  
Thrilling then her soul with rapture  
As her lover, handsome, valiant,  
Twined his shapely arms around her  
Looking love from eyes so brilliant ;—

Kissing, drew her firmly to him,  
Overcame her protestation,  
As his hot breath touched her bosom,  
Hushing thought, aroused sensation.  
Governed by this dread deception,  
Failing power to withstand it,  
She submitted to his willing ;  
Then fled all her sweet contentment.

And Despair, that blackened vulture,  
E'er on contrite hearts subsisting,  
Drear companion of the wretched,  
By its very sight distressing,  
Hastened on its sombre pinions  
To that soul erstwhile as blissful  
And as free from guile and sorrow  
As the souls of saints celestial.

From her eyes the burning tear-drops  
Moistening her Madonna features,  
Fell upon her heaving bosom,  
Dew-drops on a field of damask.  
Homeward fled she to her chamber,  
And Remorse, wild, unrelenting,  
Followed her sad spirit thither  
In its solitude tormenting ;  
Tearing at her tender heart-strings,  
Banishing each ray of comfort ;  
Even Hope divine, tho' lingering,  
Seemed to speak its foe triumphant.

\*       \*       \*       \*

How the man, Creation's master,  
Ruler of the earth and seas ?  
Ah, remorse, regret and sorrow,  
These were no concern of his ;  
Sought he in new climes and countries,

New acquaintance, gay, confiding ;  
And he smiles in sweet remembrance  
Of the love he once inspired.

\*       \*       \*       \*



MELVIN BARCLAY

From her convent walls her prayers  
To Almighty God uprising,  
Beg that blessings may be showered  
On the head of him she trusted ;  
" That thou, Oh Father, triune God,  
Protector, Savior of mankind,  
Suppress deception, temper credence,  
Keep the young as lambs of thine " !

—HOWELL COLSTON FEATHERSTON.

# The REDEMPTION of the TRIO

WILL DWIGGINS 1901

The "Trio," for such their constant association had caused them to be called, were in trouble. Not that trouble was any novel experience to them, for it was the natural environment of their collegiate career. They lived and moved and had their being under the frown of the faculty, and but few of their days escaped the wrath of that august body. To them trouble was part of the regular order of things, and had ever a day dawned on which the suspicion of some wild prank or escapade had not rested on their devoted heads, they would have probably paused to consider whether or not the times were out of joint. All their hours were full of trouble, and each tick of the clock might have been the harbinger of disapproval and retribution.

Through all this "sea of trouble" the "Trio" moved with an equanimity of mind that was proverbial, and with a freedom from serious punishment that bordered on the miraculous. Heretofore that good fortune which presides over the lives of all college youths, together with the wisdom which arose from this astute, triadic multitude of counsellors, had enabled them to escape the penalties which their escapades deserved. The skill with which they bestrode the serviceable steeds sired by Hinds and Noble, their ready wits, their keen insight into the frailties of human nature which enabled them to find out and prey upon the weakness and vulnerable points of the professors, and their wonderful talents for cramming into themselves three or four months of study during the last few days of a term, continually brought them through the trials of the class-room, and the ordeals of periodic examination days, while the hard-plugging burners of the midnight-oil looked on in wonder and amazement.

But the wonderful resources of this classic triad were not limited to the classroom. It was in the broader, outside field of college life and enterprise that they found ample scope for their talents. Fraternities, athletics, publications, and dancing, all numbered them among their devotees. In the still broader collegiate pasture, they found joy in inventing exclusive patents for making the unsophisticated freshman's life a burden, and for initiating all over zealous ones into fraternities which had no representation in Mr. Baird's handbook. A "calathump" had never occurred without them at his head, and seldom without them as its originators. "Old George," a statue of the "Father of His Country," who venerably surmounted the main building

and overlooked the classic shades of the campus, times without number, had suffered a change in the color of his raiment from their artistic hands ; many cadets at the sister institution across the campus had dodged stones coming from the same source ; and it is still a college tradition, that the self-same hands had once laboriously hoisted a cow into the math room, much to the discomfiture of "Old Alex," and to the amusement of the class on the next day.

All these things, and many more had the "Trio" done, and yet in the face of them all, by the gift of their superior attainments, they had pursued the troublesome tenor of their way, and escaped all serious punishment except a few suspensions and probations. But at last there came a day when an *extraordinary* trouble loomed up in their path and despite their utmost endeavors, refused to be overcome. The "Trio," never before balked, seemed to have met their Waterloo, found all the penalties of their previous misdeeds swooping down upon them, and expulsion and disgrace staring them in the face.

And this is how it all came about. The students of the University desired a holiday in order to go to see the football team play in a neighboring town, and with that purpose in view, the "Trio" had drawn up and circulated a petition praying the faculty to grant the boon. The faculty refused. Then the "Trio" arose in their wrath, and declared, faculty or no faculty, that the University exercises would be suspended on the following day. While seeking about for a plan to make good their assertion, the happy thought occurred to them, that there could not very well be classes unless there was a college bell to hourly summon the students to the lecture rooms, and as the clapper was the all important part in doing this service, they determined to remove it.

On the following night, in the darkness and quiet of the midnight hour, with the assistance of a few trusty lieutenants, they ascended to the bell-tower in the main college building, removed the clapper of the bell, commenced their downward journey with the booty, and in their fancied security were even indulging in unseemly merriment at the prospective chagrin of the faculty on the next day, when, as the fates would have it, a sub-professor appeared on the scene. The "Trio" and their accomplices at once made a hasty exit, and, although they successfully carried off the bell-clapper, their precipitate retreat was not devoid of disastrous consequences. For one of their number, in the confusion of the sudden alarm, ran headlong into the arms of the sub-professor, and in attempting to extricate himself therefrom left his coat in the clutches of that astonished instructor. This coat was afterwards used as a means of identifying him, and as the "Trio" during the memory of man had never been known to have worked individually, the other two members were placed under the ban, and came in for their share of the punishment. To add to their chagrin, the college exercises went on as usual the next day, for, in lieu of a clapper, a man was sent by the faculty into the tower with a sledge hammer, with which to strike the hours on the bell.

But the end was not yet. The faculty met to pass judgment upon this last act of insubordination, and as there was nothing in the previous collegiate years of the

"Trio" that tended to temper their judgments with mercy, the unanimous opinion was reached that this rebellious Triad had tested their patience beyond endurance, that they were a sore upon the University body, and were greatly in need of the subjective influences of home-life.

Thus this *extraordinary* trouble came upon their notorious heads, and for this reason they were in no optimistic frame of mind, as on a certain afternoon in the late Fall they gathered in the room of one of their number, to discuss the ways and means of extricating themselves from their precarious position. They had just finished dinner, and even the effects of college boarding-house steak, which is commonly supposed to be so inspiriting to the disheartened student, had not tended to raise but rather to depress their hopes for the future. For they boarded with a professor of the college (really, that he might have an eye on them; ostensibly, that they might have the refining influence of ranch-life,) and during the meal, he had left them under the



impression that the faculty was irrevocable in their decision, and that their departure for home was merely the matter of a few days. Truly their case was a desperate one, and demanded an urgent and extraordinary remedy.

The appearance of the group as they reclined in various positions, and ransacked

in vain their resourceful brains for a solution of the difficulty was not of a nature to arouse any poetic feelings in a spectator as to the hopes and buoyancy of youth. But even under normal conditions, neither in looks nor appearance could three such dissimilar individuals be found in a long journey. Perhaps it was this fact that attracted and bound them together—the affinity of the unlike for the unlike.

The youngest, whom for convenience we shall call plain John, had his home in the Lone Star State, but in him the characteristics which are usually attributed to the citizens of that wild and primitive region were wholly lacking. He was short of stature, debonair in manner, faultless in the mode and quality of his dress, and noted for his neat and spick-span personal appearance. Indeed he was the President of the Final Ball, and the acknowledged leader of all Terpsichorean social functions. But as he sat disconsolately gazing into the fire and thought of an irate father awaiting his premature home-coming, it would have been difficult to recognize in him the erstwhile gay and festive society youth.

Opposite him, plegmatically smoking a cigarette, and quoting an appropriate stanza of the Rubaiyat sat the friend of his bosom. Tall, thin and lanky, his face continually wore a lean and hungry look which he humorously remarked arose from the fact that they didn't give him enough to eat at his ranch. His dress was careless. In tastes, although he possessed the love of social life, he was decidedly literary, and had come to be popularly called "George" from thus signing the drawings and other articles contributed by him to the college publications. His long residence at college had made him a landmark, and although bright of intellect and warm of heart, adverse fortune had beguiled from him all the roseeate hopes of life, and left him afflicted with strong symptoms of misanthropy and fatalism. Man to him was an unreliable creature, friendship a name, and love a delusion. Consequently he took the world as it came, and never gave himself any uneasiness at the strangeness of its doings. All things to him were a matter of course.

The third member of the "Trio," whom we shall call Silas, possessed all the qualities which the other two did not have. His personal appearance was a cross between the neatness of John and the carelessness of George. His tastes can best be defined negatively, as his distaste for study was the only distinctive trait of his character. He was to be found wherever his inclinations led, and they seldom lingered for a long time on any one object. His intellect was crowded with bright but impracticable ideas. In temperament, he was nervous and restless, and in speech, quick and short, with an ever ready retort. It was currently reported that in his own room he had never been seen to occupy the same chair for five minutes. Change and excitement were the objects of his devotion, and these he pursued with singleness of mind and heart.

Such was the appearance and characteristics of this despondent group, as they vainly endeavored to contrive some plan for averting a forcible resignation from college. Such problems they had often met before, and always solved, but this one defied all attempts at solution. Silas proposed a host of brilliant plans and ideas, which were plausible at first sight, but when traced to their last analysis were found

to contain more brilliancy than practicability. For once in his life the resourceful brain of John seemed to be equally useless, and George could propose nothing feasible. An emergency had at last been found to which the "Trio" were not equal, and the hopelessness of their position was gradually forcing itself upon them, when an event of trivial importance occurred which materially changed the face of affairs—one of those unimportant and unexplainable trivialities of life which have often been known to change the destinies of empires.

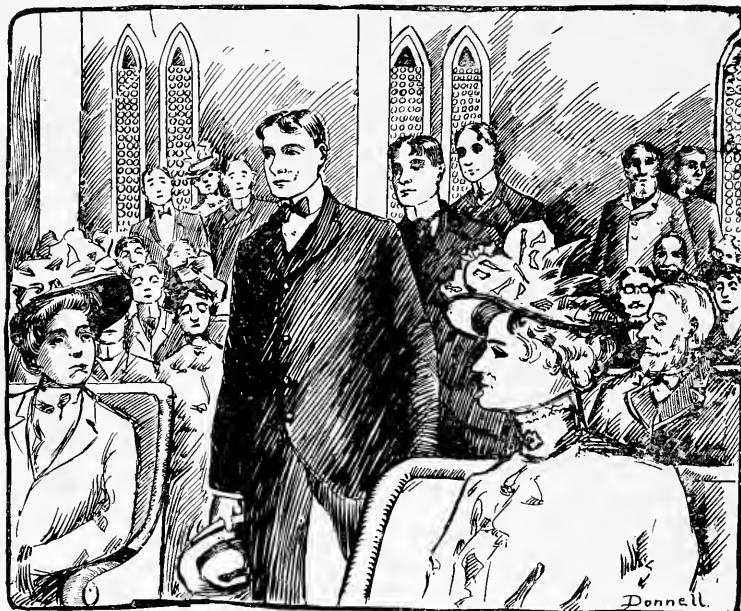
George's cigarette went out, and as he had no match to relight it, he took a piece or paper from his pocket to get a light from the stove. Glancing at the paper before lighting it, he recognized it as a narrow slip containing a few lines of writing which he had found under his plate at dinner, and absentmindedly thrust into his vest pocket. On reading the words written thereon, his face became instantly suffused with a new light, and his companions knew that a plan of campaign had been found. This proved to be the case, and forthwith George communicated the scheme which had suggested itself to him, to his fellow-sufferers, who received it with exclamations of approval and joy. The plan was bold and desperate, but such a *coup-de-état* was needed to overcome the prejudices of the faculty, and during the recital of this happy thought, despondency gave way to hope, depression was supplanted by animation and action, and the "Trio" set about to arrange the details for carrying the plot into execution.

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The institution of learning attended by our "Trio" was a Methodist College, distinctly sectarian in its traditions and influence, and as such universally recognized. Annually a large meeting, or revival, was held in the Methodist Church on the campus, which usually resulted in the conversion of many students, and also townspeople of the village where the college was located. At the time when the "Trio" met with their *extraordinary* trouble this annual revival had been in progress for several weeks. On the night following the council of war at the "Trio's" ranch, the meeting had reached its height. The church was crowded with students, some of whom had come with earnest purposes, some to be with the objects of their gentler affections, and a great many out of mere curiosity. The townspeople were also there in great numbers, and the members of the faculty, some of whom were ministers, occupied prominent seats at the front, or within the railing of the chancel. The great evangelist who was conducting the meetings had just finished an impressive discourse, the special chorus had sung an inspiring hymn, and the invitation to mourners was being made, when an event occurred which will never be forgotten by the members of the congregation.

It was as if some apparition had visited them, or some disembodied spirit had appeared in their midst. The students with staring eyes and gaping mouths, gazed at the scene and pinched themselves to see whether they were dreaming or the victims of some hallucination. But it was a sad reality. Up the aisle came the "Trio." The tall and lank George was in the lead; next, scarcely reaching to his shoulders, came the neatly dressed John, who had donned a black suit for the occasion, and last came

the quick and nervous Silas. Amid the oppressive silence, this strange procession made straight for the chancel, around which many members of the faculty were grouped, and quickly dropped on their knees at the altar.



There we shall leave them, throwing the mantle of charity over their shoulders. Suffice it to say they were not expelled, and that the plan which George had so brilliantly conceived had been suggested to him by a verse of Scripture on the paper with which he was about to light his cigarette. This paper had been placed under his plate before dinner by the good wife of the professor, who had piously thought that it might have some influence on the wayward youth. It was the means of extricating the "Trio", and to them the end justified the means.



ART GALLERY.



# Innocents.

In guileless love, oh, what a bliss  
To steal that first untainted kiss.

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We strolled upon the mountain side,  
We wandered by the stream ;  
And love was with us as our guide  
And life was as a dream.

She told me she had ne'er been kissed ;  
She thought that it was wrong,  
And should she suffer such a thing,  
The sting would be life-long.

But love is strong and man is bold—  
As bold as he can be—  
And heaven whispered to my soul  
That she was made for me.

I stole my arm around her form,  
Her head sank to my breast ;  
I drew her gently to my heart,  
And—well, you know the rest.

Her lashes drooped, her cheek grew flush,  
    Her bosom rose and fell ;  
And we were just as happy there  
    As daisies in the dell.

\*     \*     \*     \*

That very night I chanced to pass  
    The yard where she did stroll,  
And could but hear the tale of love,  
    In glowing phrases told,  
Wherein my rival, gallantly,  
    Was pouring out his soul.



He had his arm around her waist,  
    She looked up in his eyes ;  
“Yes, I love you, Georgey dear,”  
    She said in mild surprise.  
And then they kissed one parting kiss  
    And left with lover’s sighs.

\*     \*     \*     \*

Ah, many a girl I've seen and known  
With sweet, confiding eyes;  
With ways of childish innocence,  
With purest, saintly sighs ;  
But I have never loved a girl  
Who did not tell me lies.



So, farewell to the world of love,  
The world where women dwell ;  
I'll hie me to the world of men,  
The world of liquor-smell,  
And lead a life of honest sin  
And pay the debt—in hell.

—H. C. F.



E.C.S. '01

## The Professor.

When I first saw him he was holding a quasi-scientific conversation with an ancient damsel of this ancient town, and the damsel was conversing quasi-amorously with him. He was a small, fidgety man (I say man, for I have every reason to believe that God made him), and she

was a slender and tall maiden, (I say maiden, although she had arrived at the age of an ordinary grandmother), and looked young —by which I mean, of course, that she had a young look out of her eyes. This couple was divided by a yard fence, over which she was leaning, her face surmounted by a large quantity of dark colored hair, done up in the loftiest fashion.

She was just saying, as I came near, "Oh, Mr. Professor, I almost forgot to tell you how much, how *very* much, I enjoyed your book."

I could see by the furtive movement of the Professor that he was trying to scribble down a note in his little book, which he always carried about in his hand, probably on the peculiarly long adaptability of this species to her environment. Probably, also, he was estimating how long.

"The Anthropological Relation of Climatic Effect?"

"Now, Mr. Professor," answered she with a bewitchingly deprecatory smile, which threw her fair face into a surprisingly great number of little cracks and crevices, "You know I meant that one you lent me last week. Don't you remember? 'The Theory of the Leisure Class?'"

He had just observed for the first time, as



he told me afterwards, that her hair was pure white near the roots. "But that is not my book, you know; it is a recent work of Mr. Veblin's," replied the Professor.

"Mr. Veblin! why, I never heard of him. I—how do you do?" she said sweetly, as I passed and took off my hat.

"I am very well—oh, good evening," said the Professor politely, as he caught sight of my back. "I beg your pardon, what were you about to observe, Miss Maid?"

"Oh, yes, I was sure that Mr. Veblin did not lend me the book, because I never heard of him."

The Professor was evidently aware of some misunderstanding, for he hastened to explain that he did not write "The Theory of the Leisure Class," but merely had it in his possession.

Miss Maid immediately covered up her mistake in the usual manner of females. "You horrid thing? I don't think its *right* for you professors to take advantage of us girls. It *certainly is not fair*."

I turned my head so that I could catch the Professor's reply. Seriously it came through the bright sunny air: "I am sure I meant to be perfectly fair, Miss Maid. Do you really mean what you—" and I went on my way moralizing.

## II.

I dropped in to see him a month or two afterwards. He was on the back porch of his boarding house, with his note book on his knee. I noticed that a portion of the yard was neatly fenced off with wire, and a miniature house, with door and glass windows, stood in the enclosure. After cordially greeting me, he explained that he was "observing the habits of a hen with small chicks." I looked again at the enclosure, and saw an elderly female chicken sitting quietly on the ground, but in such an attitude as to lead me to infer the presence of others of her kind beneath her ample wing. I asked the Professor how he had secured the chicks.

"Oh, I hatched them myself," he answered, and probably seeing some amusement on my face, quickly added, "I—that is—what I mean to say is—with the assistance of the hen. I procured her from Mrs. B—(meaning his landlady), and I bought the eggs at a farm house on one of my jaunts. The eggs," he continued, "were of a very large species, but as yet I have not observed any difference worth noting between the chicks from these and those taken from ordinary eggs."

"How many eggs have you?" I inquired.

"I had a half a dozen, but there is only one left," he replied with a sigh. "I do not know the reason of their tendency to diminish. I have often heard that a large percentage of chickens do not survive long enough to reach puberty, and perhaps I should have gotten more of them at first."

"What do you feed them?"

"I use cornmeal and water, which is warm to blood-heat. It was prescribed by Mrs. B—, but it doesn't work very well, somehow. I feed her regularly—that is, I feed the hen regularly, and try to let the chick have access to her at regular periods."

The truth began to dawn upon me. "What do you give the chick?" I asked.

"Oh, why—I had supposed that—that nature—that nature had provided the mother with means for sustaining her offspring," he replied. He looked at me with such innocent wonder that I forebore from smiling, and explained to him gently how it was. He gravely made a note of it, and thanked me for the information.

"Since you seem to have made some study of these things, I would like to show you the chick," he said. I saw him take down a buggy whip that hung on the porch, and when we stood at the enclosure he gently tapped the hen on her back with the whip. She immediately and angrily arose, thereby disclosing an emaciated little thing which crept, as much as a two-legged animal can creep, after its mother.

"Do you think that it will live?" anxiously queried the Professor.

"Yes, indeed," said I, "If you feed—good heavens! Professor, that's no chicken; it's a turkey!" And so it was in fact. The Professor was quite incredulous at first, but afterwards suggested that we go up to his room and look the phenomenon up. After searching a little while he found the correct description in a large book on 'domesticated fowls,' (which I could see was somewhat worn, showing frequent use) and was finally satisfied as to the truth of the discovery.

"I don't know how I made the mistake," said he, leaning back in his chair, with the rubber of his pencil vigorously braced against his upper teeth. He always did this when he was deep in thought.

### III.

I had grown to be quite intimate with the Professor. He was such a true-hearted sort of a fellow, and so innocent, that it was a pleasure to be with him. He was a truly scientific man—always seeking to find out something new, and add to his store of knowledge. I am not a scientific man myself, and in this extremely orthodox and studious atmosphere it was a delight to associate with such a person. All of the other professors were scientific because they said so; the Professor did not claim to know everything. He had not yet begun to fossilize. The rest of them had. You could not bring up a subject about which they either did not know everything, which fact they would impress on you with a loud voice and hazy meaning, or about which they knew anything, which fact would not be impressed upon you by a wide generalization given with a wise look, that left you no better off than before. In my opinion they were a sorry set, delighting to live off of their salaries and making impressions on young and flexible minds, since you could make no impression on them.

But, as I said, the Professor about whom I am supposed to be talking was not of their kind. He often entertained me in his rooms, and there we spent quite pleasant times together. He was a very attentive host, and was always on the *qui vive* to make me comfortable. As an instance of that, I remember that he was careful to provide tobacco and cigars every time that I should happen to drop in. In regard to the cigars he made a mistake, for he did not indulge in using any form of the "filthy weed," as one of his colleagues is wont to name it, except on such occasions as required him to be sociable. These occasions were when I visited him, and often I have had difficulty in restraining myself when he would nearly choke from a whiff of an unusually strong cigar, that would perchance wander down his throat, or when he would rub his nose hurriedly and vigorously upon occasion of some of the fumes rising into that organ. Very often, too, when the weather was particularly fine, we would take a walk, or a "jaunt," as he would call it. There was one time which I particularly wish to call to mind. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon, and we were just passing along the row of professors' houses on our way out of town. We met a baby-carriage and Mrs. Deving, the wife of one of the shining lights of learning that hover around the faculty board. The baby-carriage was very pretty, but not prettier than its attendant. She had grown into that matronly figure which betokens the blessing of motherhood, but it was graceful yet, even as the face above it was beautiful in its health and purity of line and expression. I have often wondered where these old dried-up professors obtain their spouses.

She had on a wide-brimmed hat of white straw and lace, which set off very becomingly her dark complexion and hair, and her soft eyes that greeted us smilingly.

"Good evening," she said, "where are you all off to on a Sabbath day?"

I made some suitable reply, and was about to pass on; but the Professor had stopped as if he was interested in something.

"You must make more than a Sabbath day's journey out of your walk," she continued, and perhaps noticing an eager look on the Professor's face, she said, "and to keep you as long as I can, I am going to show you the sweetest and greatest attraction—behold Mr. Darwin Spencer Deving; and don't make any comments on the name, please," and she drew aside the embroid-

ered and lace covered shade from the carriage, thereby disclosing an infant which did not seem remarkable for anything except his extreme ugliness. All infants are remarkable for that, I have heard said.

I could see an intense excitement in the Professor's manner as he leaned over the carriage, looking carefully through his glasses at its inmate, who in turn was staring at him in mild wonder.

"Why don't you say what you think of him?" asked the mother, when we had gazed at the attraction for a minute or more.

I was used to such things, so I said that I thought it was a fine little fellow, and so on.

"I think he is really very bright for his age," said she; "he can already recognize people. Here, my precious little darling!"—this last to the boy, of course, as she bent down over him. He could undoubtedly recognize people, for as soon as he saw her, he let loose a long, loud wail. The Professor, who had been examining him very attentively, jumped back in quite a hurry, I thought.

"Poor little, mamma's little boy," and the mother immediately lifted the child (that is, the infant Deving) up in her arms, whereupon he ceased all noise and appeared quite happy. He even went so far as to make a detestable little grimace, and incidently disposed of a part of his dinner on his bib. At this the Professor seemed a trifle embarrassed, but Mr. Deving, Jr., tactfully overcame this by an open-mouthed smile. A look of horror passed over the countenance of the Professor,

"Pass your judgment, Mr. Professor," said the mother.

"I should think—I should be inclined to say—that it was quite—ah—wonderful," replied the Professor. He seemed to be a little confused, as if he were not sure he was saying the right thing, "es—especially so—due principally to the fact that I did not observe the presence of teeth."

"Why he's only six weeks old!"

"I understand; but don't—is it not the regular thing—don't all children have teeth from the—the beginning?"

Mrs. Deving fairly shrieked. But when she saw the Professor's troubled face, she hastened to explain.

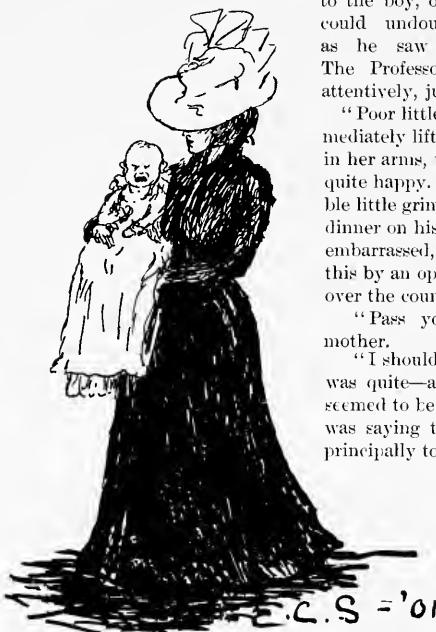
#### IV.

We continued our walk after the Professor had recovered from the effects of the extraordinary fact he had just learned. The conversation naturally was on the subject of children, and in the course of our talk he informed me, or rather I was able to gather from sundry remarks that he made, that he was attempting to make a study of the physical development of that species of mammals,

"I should think," said he, "that it would be very interesting to supplement a study of the anatomical growth of a child with observations on the concomitant brain development."

"That would be rather hard to do," I remarked dryly.

"Well, I should be only too glad to undertake it if I could find sufficient material and opportunity." I think that I put in here that the town of Lexington afforded abundant



material—such as it was, but I do not remember. The Professor was wholly oblivious to any especial meaning that lay under the simple sounding of my words. I have often reproached myself for trying to appear scientific, for he believed that I was, and it put me in a false light. I am not scientific, as I said before, but only cynical.

"Yes, but I can not get hold of it to any practical purpose," replied the Professor. "It is very difficult to make any satisfactory observation unless you can have the material entirely under control."

"I shouldn't fancy the job," said I.

"I am not afraid of the labor involved, if I only had an opportunity to undertake it. Could you," he said, turning very earnestly and wistfully around to me, "could you suggest any method by which such a thing would be possible?"

I thought a few moments before making a reply. Several plans came into my head, such as teaching in a kindergarten, and so on; but it occurred that I could make this reply serve for the accomplishment of two ends. Again I reflected, for I knew that if there was such a thing as altruism at all, it needed to be exercised at this moment. The devil got the best of me, so I said :

"To be frank with you, Professor, I should say the easiest way to have an opportunity for controlling the material, at least, would be to have children of your own." My heart smote my conscience all the more when he replied thoughtfully :

"I had not thought of that. I think, however," he continued slowly, "that it would be a very good plan. I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the suggestion," he added politely.

I waited for some more inquiries, but he maintained an apparent disinclination to talk, and was evidently in deep thought. Just before we parted at his boarding house, he suddenly burst upon me a question :

"Of course I do not wish you to say anything about this"—I thought he was referring to our conversation, but he continued—"but I observed a very peculiar phenomenon not very long ago. I mention it thinking that perhaps you know the cause. I saw—did you ever see a person with quite dark hair in every respect except next to the scalp, where it was almost white?"

I wondered which one of the local fair sex he meant.

"Well," I replied, after reflecting a while, for I wished to avoid any possibility of wounding his feelings, or perhaps his heart, "I think I have seen cases of that sort, and I should say that you can safely ascribe anything of that sort to artificial causes. In other words"—here I put on as scientific an air as possible in order to shroud any show of cynicism—"such instances as the result of the hair-dying process."

"I see," he said, "in that case the dark portion would have been subjected to this process of which you speak, while the white portion would be the natural order. Would you not think," continued he, as if he were about to make an important distinction, "that this fact indicated that she—ah—what I mean to say is that this fact would indicate in most cases an advanced age?"

I pretended not to see his blush, and was astounded at the unusual manifestation of common sense.

"She would be rather old," I asserted.

"Yes—yes—good morning," and again I went on my way moralizing.

## V.

The summer had passed by—very pleasantly for me, since I had not spent it in Lexington. The Professor and I had exchanged a few letters in which had been discussions of new ideas that had come under his and my observation, suggested for the most part by recent publica-

tions. I noticed, a little curiously, that he had read a good many novels in the course of the summer. He had not mentioned any special investigation in which he was engaged, and, indeed, I had not thought to ask him.

So I was quite unprepared for a startling fact when I reluctantly returned. The Professor invited me to take tea with him on the evening of my arrival. He was looking very well—even a trifle sunburned. I remarked on his appearance, to which he replied that he had been in excellent health.

I went around to the house where he said he was staying. It had been vacant during the preceding year, and I wondered if another boarding-house had been started. Changes are so infrequent in Lexington that anything of that sort is a fact worth noting. I suppose the reason of this is that change is a condition of progress.

I was just stepping on the porch, and thinking upon such things, when a soft, low voice said—

"We don't need an introduction, for Arthur has told me so much about you." And she—a tall, athletic girl, who surprised me agreeably by having beautiful eyes and face, and a lot of dark hair—gave me her hand, which I held, spell-bound as well as dumbfounded.

"This is my wife," said the Professor, with a wide smile. He said it with such a convincing air, too, that I did not doubt it for a moment.

"How long ago did this thing take place?" I inquired after I had recovered my equanimity.

"Let me see," said the Professor, diving after his note-book. Mrs. Professor looked on with some amusement.

"I really believe that I have forgotten to put it down," said he, after some moments' search, bracing his upper teeth with the edge of the book. And we all laughed together.



*To rest your eyes upon him once  
Will give you food for thought,  
But to digest such food as this,  
We do not think you ought.*

— ABNORMALITY.

## *PLITTY MAN.*

---

*When first I knew Miss Lingee Tee,  
From Tokio, Japan,  
She threw her dainty arms round me  
And cried, "A plitty man."*

*I loved that little Japance,  
Now doubt the fact who can,  
For who, with mortal vanity,  
Could withstand "plitty man."*

*I thought my little Jap loved me,  
But there my woes began;  
For she ran off with a Muscogee.  
Now he's her "plitty man."*

*Take my advice and never love  
A girl from any land;  
You'll find them false in every clime.  
Be your own "plitty man."*

## Why the Young Man Didn't Pay Up.



CHICAGO, Nov. 14th.

My Dear Doctor :

I haven't time to write you a letter just now, old man, but simply want to drop you a line so you will know I haven't forgotten you and the lift you gave me out west. I don't mean to make any excuse for not having repaid that forty, which represents my monetary indebtedness to you, long before this, but—

Last week I managed to have \$47 left after paying my board. Fearing lest the money should burn a hole in my pocket I went post haste down to the office intending to mail you that forty immediately. Barely had I got seated at my desk when the 'phone rang. Hark, now; the plot thickens! A soft, sweet feminine

voice came drifting over the wire asking if I were anywhere about. It was Billy.

Billy's other name is Ruth Harding Hampton. I met Billy down in Kentucky about five years ago and we fell desperately in love with each other. (More plot, see?) She was then about seventeen and I was two years older. Billy's "dad," as she called him, had some of the best trotters in the whole blue-grass region—moonlight drives and all of that! You know, doctor?

Billy was a great kid. She owned a long-bodied, bench-legged dog that was exactly her age to a day. Now please treat that statement kindly, doctor, for Billy is

the only authority I have for the dog's age and how Billy knew is more than I can tell. Anyhow, the pup had a woolly face and a hump on his back like a weasel. He was fully three feet long without counting his tail and he was not more than six inches in height except at the point where the hump came in. There, he was a little higher, but as I said before I haven't any statistics relating to that particular pup, so it is possible that I err slightly in the matter.

Billy said he was a groundhog dog. Perhaps he might have been at some time in the dim past a distant relative of the groundhog, but in the course of evolution the groundhog's good looks must have gone astray before the dog developed. Between the groundhog and the dog there were strained relations—no joke intended—and I think possibly that state of affairs might have been brought about at the time when the dog claimed kinship to the groundhog. But what's the odds?

Billy used to take me and the dog down through the tall grass of the meadows to the little creek that wandered cool and clear through the rich bottom lands of the valley. Here was Billy's private hunting ground. Along either bank of the stream whole colonies of groundhogs had established themselves and thus it was that sport was never lacking for Billy and Bruiser—Bruiser being the dog's name.

Billy always carried a long club when she started after groundhogs. In the hot summer afternoons, under the butternut trees that fringed the banks of the stream, she would sit dreamily for hours in the cool shade watching the shadows at play in the placid waters until aroused from her dreams by a bark from Bruiser. Then like a deer she would race to the dog to see that the fight was pulled off on the square.

Billy wouldn't stand for a foul fight. If Bruiser happened to have fallen into company with a groundhog that was too big and savage for him to handle, Billy would wade in with her club and whack the big rodent a few times over the head just to even things up. On the other hand, if it came about that Bruiser had met up with an undersized antagonist she would always pull him off and give the groundhog a chance to run for it.

Billy might have been a little rough at times, but if she was it was all because she was the only girl and the youngest child in a family of eight. One time I took a hand in one of the groundhog fights and Billy promptly gave me a rap over the head with her club and ordered me to mind my own business.

Billy was not unsympathetic, for after she had split my head open with her club she took me down to the creek, washed the blood out of my hair, tore her apron into bandages and dressed my wound like a little major. Then she made me wait at the creek until she went home, hitched a horse to the buckboard and came back after me.

Billy was indeed in a class all to herself. The day I was to leave for home we had a crying match all to ourselves down by the creek among the groundhogs and butternuts. For nearly a year after I went home we wrote letters back and forth, and once I dropped into verse and wrote quite a wad of it. I had it right, eh, doctor? Say, old man, hold the wire just a moment and I'll dig up a verse or two of that old poem, just so you'll know where I was getting off about that time. Here we are.

Billy thought this verse was great:

“Oh, pity the pain of the brave hopes slain;  
    Of the spirit that’s wounded sore,  
Of the heart and the brain that shall never again  
    Know the gladness they’ve known of yore!”

Billy has another think coming, eh? Well, no matter; Billy was a pretty girl, and I was a fool kid, so there you are. The poem goes on, doctor, to the extent of seven verses, but I'll spare you.

Well, Billy came to town last week in a private car. Swell doings, don't you think? But that made no difference, for we fell upon each other's necks when we met in the hotel, just the same. After holding an impromptu reunion, we made arrangements for the theater. Cabs, supper and the rest followed.

Billy was winsome as a girl, but, let me tell you, doctor, she's a dream as a woman? Since I had last seen her she had learned many new tricks, and her pretty little ways soon fanned up the old flame. Her ladyship knew how to order wine. That was one of the things she had learned, and at that I must admit she is indeed mighty clever.

Billy insisted on talking theater and plays, but I managed after awhile to swing the conversation back to old Kentucky. I showed her the scar above my ear, and we went over a dozen groundhog fights in detail. Time marched by on a double-quick, and finally I noticed a strange troubled look come into Billy's brown eyes. At the same time she reached over, gave me a saucy sort of a dab on the ear with her glove and told me I must not "reminisce."

Billy then gave the tenor of our talk an artful yank, and Kentucky and the ground-hogs were left in the lurch. I remember she said she had "merely dropped into town to have a dress made and do a little shopping." Do you know, doctor, even then I didn't tumble? I don't know whether it was the wine or whether it was Billy's charms, but something had surely dazed me.

Billy "wasn't in" to callers next day, and, to tell the truth, I wasn't in either. The fact is, I was about \$45.50 out! On the night following that of the celebration Billy left town. At the depot she invited me in to see the Rathmore's private car.

Billy's name tomorrow, doctor, will be Mrs. Rathmore Sutherland. It was a hard jar; nevertheless, I've been bumped before, so I know how to take it. I said at the beginning that I did not have time to write you a letter. Neither have I, but I always have time to tell my troubles. This time I picked you out for the policeman. Don't despair of that forty. Every one I meet is not a Billy. Sincerely,

Dick.

## A LAST FAREWELL.

---

I ne'er have found a glitt'ring gem  
But it did turn to clay,  
And I ne'er adored an idol  
But to see it fade away.



I am dying the death of a soul that is  
damned ;  
The light of my life is obscured,  
And leave me to sicken, to pale and to die  
Of a wound that will never be cured.

I roamed in the dell of elysian bliss  
Where delicate hearts-eases quiver,  
And Hope whispered "happiness," birds  
sang of rest—  
Which, ah, shall be known to me never !

The heart that's awakened by love into life  
Without it can never live on,  
And the rays of its setting betoken its death  
As its birth was impelled by the dawn.

The love that I cherish for you is as true  
As the heart of a vestal at prayer,  
As pure as the drifts of the Alpine snows,  
As wide as the earth and the air.

But, ah, how cold is the shock to the soul  
When love cannot be returned ;  
And friendship is offered to solace the wound  
Of a heart that you know will be spurned.

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# GRAHAM-LEE SOCIETY

THE GRAHAM-LEE LITERARY SOCIETY was organized January 19, 1809, as the Graham Philanthropic Society, and was one of the first three literary societies organized in American colleges. Its founders were John D. Preston, President; Ael Wilson, Vice-President; Joseph S. Brown, Secretary; Randolph Ross, William C. Preston, John D. Brown, Gustavus R. Jones, Edward C. Carrington and John P. Wilson. Of this number several afterwards became very distinguished in the council halls of the state and nation. Thus was foreshadowed the great work that the Graham-Lee Society was destined to do.

The records of the Society were destroyed by Hunter's troops during the Civil War, but are complete from then until the present time. The anniversary of the founding of the Society which is publicly celebrated is also the anniversary of the birth of Gen. R. E. Lee, in whose honor it was partially named.

Since 1867 the Society has been giving a debater's medal. A declaimer's medal was given from 1871 to 1896, when it was discontinued and an orator's medal substituted.

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1872 JOSEPH WILLIS TAYLOR.....	Texas	1892 H. S. POWELL.....	Arkansas
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1878 FREDERICK COCKEREL.....	Texas	1898 E. R. PRESTON.....	Virginia
1879 WILLIAM FRANKLIN PAXTON.....	Missouri	1899 R. W. WITHERS.....	Virginia
1880 ALFRED WINSTON GAINES.....	Kentucky	1900 W. J. LAUCK.....	West Virginia
1885 A. P. TAYLOR.....	Virginia	1901 W. C. BRECKENRIDGE.....	Virginia
1886 J. G. SCOTT.....	Virginia		

**DECLAIMERS.**

1871 EDWARD MANSFIELD KIRTLAND.....	Tenn
1872 FREDERICK HUGH HEISKELL.....	Tennessee
1873 ROBERT REYNOLDS BENTLY.....	Virginia
1874 BENJAMIN W. BETTIS.....	South Carolina
1875 SAMUEL JORDAN GRAHAM.....	Virginia
1876 GEORGE EARLES CHAMBERLAIN.....	Miss
1877 GEORGE ANDERSON ROBINSON..	Kentucky
1878 SAMUEL JACK, JR.....	Tennessee

1879 ALFRED W. MARSHALL.....	Kentucky
1880 THOMAS BARRETT.....	Georgia
1892 A. E. STRODE.....	South Carolina
1893 J. FISHBURNE.....	Virginia
1894 R. A. BAKER.....	Florida
1895 C. F. MYERS.....	Virginia
1896 L. H. WILLIS.....	Kentucky

**ORATORS.**

1897 J. S. McCluer.....	West Virginia
1898 H. W. ANDERSON.....	Virginia
1899 WILLIAM J. BRYAN.....	Florida

1900 B. D. CAUSEY.....	Virginia
1901 B. B. SHIVELY.....	Indiana



THE WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY was established in the year 1812. Unfortunately the records of its early history, which might prove interesting, are lost. It was established shortly after the Graham-Lee and has since maintained a good roll and runs hand-in-hand with its sister society.

In 1867 its members began to hold annual contests among themselves for the best oration, and in 1871 declamations were introduced into the contests. In 1879 the declamations were omitted and only orators took part until 1881, in which year no medals were awarded. So much excitement and dissension was created by the elections that the Faculty, for the interest of the Societies, offered medals for the best orator and disclaimer in a contest between the societies at finals.

In 1885, the Society revived its individual annual celebration, but holds it now on 22d of February with less excitement, and awards its own medals then and there.

The Washington Society awarded only a debater's medal until 1890, from which time until 1898 a medal has also been given to the best disclaimer in the annual celebration. Declamations were abolished in 1898 and orations substituted.

---

### Washington Society Officers, 1900=01.

---

#### Presidents.

C. S. McNULTY.      T. D. SLOAN.      T. C. TURNER.      A. M. HAMILTON.

---

#### Vice-Presidents.

J. M. ANDERSON.      T. C. TURNER.      A. M. HAMILTON.      E. C. MILLER.

### **Secretaries.**

A. L. BURGER. E. W. G. BOOGER. E. SYDENSTRICKER. F. A. SAMPSON.

---

### **Treasurer.**

J. M C C. SIEG.

---

### **ORATORS.**

1867 T. T. EATON.....	Tennessee	1876 M. W. PAXTON.....	Virginia
1868 J. W. DUNLAP.....	West Virginia	1877 R. L. OWENS.....	Virginia
1869 T. S. WILKINSON.....	Louisiana	1878 L. N. SHANKS.....	Virginia
1870 ALSTON BOYD.....	Tennessee	1879 J. R. TYSON.....	Alabama
1871 R. H. FLEMING.....	Virginia	1880 J. G. PAXTON.....	Virginia
1872 ISAAC W. STEPHENS.....	Tennessee	1898 G. C. POWELL.....	District of Columbia
1873 LAWRENCE RUSH.....	Virginia	1899 E. D. OTT.....	Virginia
1874 J. R. WINCHESTER.....	Maryland	1900 T. C. WILSON .....	Virginia
1875 H. L. DUFOUR.....	Louisiana	1901 — MILLEN.....	Tennessee

### **DECLAIMERS.**

1871 ASHLEY CABELL.....	New York	1891 J. M. GRAHAM.....	Tennessee
1872 W. W. TOPP.....	Mississippi	1892 J. U. GOODE.....	Virginia
1873 J. P. HAWKS.....	Mississippi	1893 R. F. WENDEL.....	Tennessee
1874 B. G. KIGER.....	Mississippi	1894 H. B. LEWIS.....	Pennsylvania
1875 W. E. DOLD.....	Virginia	1895 E. A. QUARLES.....	Virginia
1876 HENTON GORDAN.....	Missouri	1896 R. S. McCLENTIE.....	Missouri
1877 W. T. CRENSHAW.....	Alabama	1897 E. WOHLWENDER.....	Kentucky
1878 S. F. FLOYD.....	Oregon		

### **DEBATERS.**

1891 W. P. ANDREWS.....	North Carolina	1897 W. L. COX.....	Virginia
1892 T. W. GILMER.....	Virginia	1898 A. W. WEBB.....	Maryland
1893 M. K. YOUTS.....	Kentucky	1899 C. S. McNULTY.....	Virginia
1894 J. T. JACKSON.....	Kentucky	1900 B. M. HARTMAN.....	Virginia
1895 C. A. MACATEE.....	Virginia	1901 F. E. ELLIS.....	Georgia
1896 S. B. CARLOCK.....	Tennessee		



## Winners of University Medals for Oratory and Declamation.

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In 1881 the University began to give medals for oratory and declamation to the winners in a contest at finals between representatives of the two societies. The Declaimer's medal was withdrawn in 1891.

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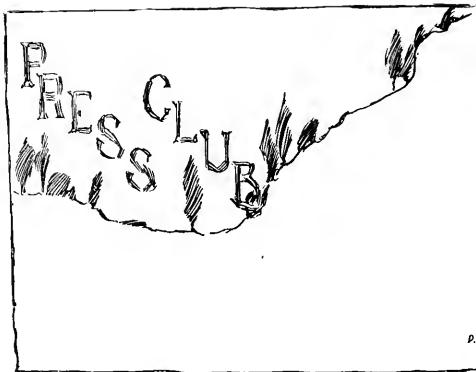
### Orators.

1882 H. A. WHITE.....	Washington	1892 J. B. ANDREW.....	Graham-Lee
1883 L. O. BOYCE.....	Washington	1893 CHARLES LYONS.....	Graham-Lee
1884 W. A. CARTER.....	Graham-Lee	1894 J. D. MCRAE.....	Washington
1885 W. A. GLASGOW.....	Washington	1895 G. R. HUNT.....	Washington
1886 J. G. SCOTT.....	Graham-Lee	1896 Not awarded.	
1887 T. G. HAILEY.....	Washington	1897 C. F. MYERS.....	Graham-Lee
1888 J. L. BAUMGARDNER.....	Graham-Lee	1898 W. W. KEYSER.....	Graham-Lee
1889 JAMES QUARLES.....	Graham-Lee	1899 E. B. PANCAKE.....	Graham-Lee
1890 J. A. GLASGOW.....	Graham-Lee	1900 E. D. OTT.....	Washington
1891 MILES POINDEXTER.....	Washington		

---

### Declaimers.

1882 J. A. STEELE.....	Graham-Lee	1887 B. C. PATTERSON.....	Washington
1883 G. S. RAYMOND.....	Washington	1888 L. W. HAMILTON.....	Washington
1884 J. W. W. BIAS.....	Washington	1889 J. M. BLAIR.....	Graham-Lee
1885 J. H. WISE.....	Washington	1890 KIRBY S. MILLER.....	Graham-Lee
1886 W. T. ARMSTRONG.....	Washington	1891 I. H. KEMPNER.....	Washington



### Officers.

HUMPHREY ROBINSON KEEBLE—PRESIDENT.  
GABRIEL BENOIST SHIELDS—VICE-PRESIDENT.  
SAMUEL COLVILLE BAGLEY—SECRETARY.  
THOMAS ALEXANDER BLEDSOE—TREASURER.

---

### Executive Committee.

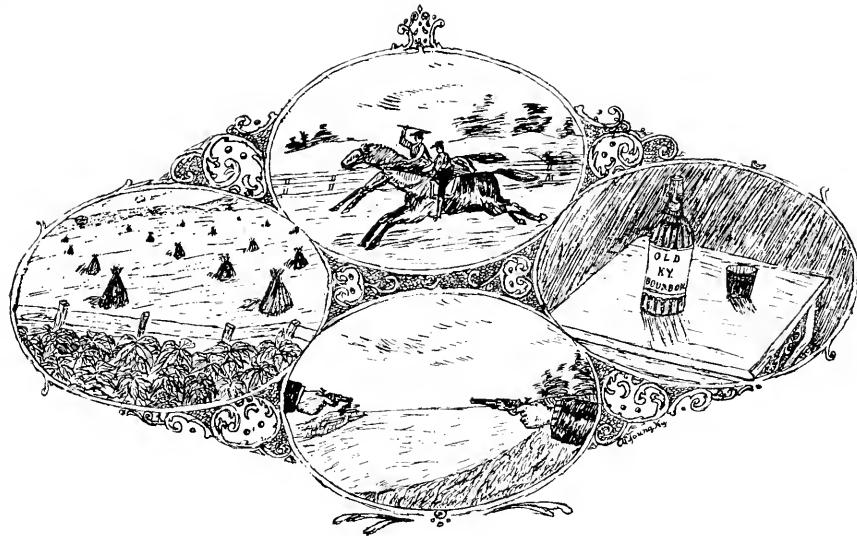
W. C. MOORE.  
J. K. GRAVES.

J. R. TUCKER.  
R. RING.

---

### Members.

W. J. LAUCK.	T. C. TURNER.
B. D. CAUSEY.	C. G. MASSIE.
C. S. McNULTY.	E. C. SYDENSTRICKER.
S. C. BAGLEY.	W. C. MOORE.
G. B. SHIELDS.	W. G. PENDLETON.
H. R. KEEBLE.	R. H. ALLEN.
J. R. TUCKER.	J. G. SALE.
R. RING.	A. F. WHITE.
T. A. BLEDSOE.	W. P. OTT.
J. K. GRAVES.	



## Kentucky Club.

---

Though exiled from our native State  
    Into a region dreary,  
We'll not complain against our fate  
    For still we make it cheery.

For putting from us all our cares,  
    At times we meet together  
To discourse on our home's affairs—  
    The state of crops and weather.

We talk at length on politics,  
    Forecast the next election,  
And argue how we ought to fix  
    The things that need correction.

We cite the latest moonshine raid,  
    The latest mountain killing,  
And everything that may have made  
    Occasions of blood spilling.

And thus in mutual intercourse  
We find ourselves quite lucky,  
And never will forget, perforce,  
Our dear old State, Kentucky !

---

### **Well.**

Hi ! Hi ! Hi !  
Rock and rye,  
Blue Grass country,  
Kentuckie !

---

Colors: Red, Green and Blue.

---

### **Members.**

JOHN M. ANDERSON.	CHARLES FRANCIS MONTGOMERY.
JOHN KNOX ARNOLD.	FARRIS ATHELSTANE SAMPSON.
ROMULUS CULNER BIGGS.	ROBERT STUART SANDERS.
ALBERT MARSHALL DUNCAN.	ARTHUR TABB.
WILLIAM THOMAS ELLIS.	WILLIAM LOIS THOMPSON.
GUY NELSON FORRESTER.	CHARLES HOUSTON YOUNG.
RICHARD COLLINS LORD,	WILLIAM CAMERON YOUNG.

### **Honorary Members.**

PROF. W. R. VANCE.	PROF. JAMES LEWIS HOWE.
--------------------	-------------------------



Colors: Pink and Green.

---

### Yell.

Hi ! Hi ! Hi !  
Montani !  
West Virginia !  
Semper Libre !

---

### Officers.

PRESIDENT—W. J. LAUCK.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER—J. E. PRICE.

---

### Members.

ANDREWS.  
ARBUCKLE.  
ARNOLD.  
DOWNEY.  
FEAMSTER.  
GOSHORN.  
GRAYBILL.

HANDLAN.  
JENKINS.  
LAUCK.  
MCCLUER.  
McCoy.  
NISWANDER.  
PANCAKE.

PRESTON.  
PRICE.  
ROUSS.  
SLOAN.  
SWARTZ.  
SYDENSTRICKER.  
TRIPLETT.  
WHITE.

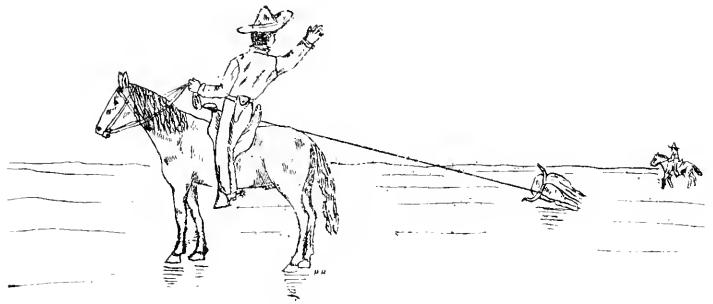
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OCCUPATION—At College, studying ; at home, snake killing and sang digging.  
Song—The West Virginia Hills.

BEVERAGE—Mountain Dew.

TOBACCO—Mail Pouch.

# TEXAS CLUB



BOSS.....ROBERT RING  
CHUCK HUSTLER.....C. A. BOAZ

## Cow Boys.

H. R. KEEBLE.....	Keeper of the Ropes
H. HALL .....	Cleaner of the Guns
A. J. POWERS.....	Horse Herder
D. B. FIELDER.....	Chief Broncho Buster
J. EDGAR CORLEY.....	Grand Rusher of the Red Eye

Favorite Dishes—Hot Tomaties and Chile Concarne.

Grand Round-up April 21st.

PATRON SAINT .....ICONOCLAST BRANN



### Officers.

GEORGE G. BROOKS.....	PRESIDENT
J. P. WALL, Jr.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
R. P. DANIEL, Jr.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

---

### Members.

CORBETT.	FOSTER.	KNOWLES.	MALONE.
SWEARINGER.		TUTEN.	WILSON.

---

SCENE—Monthly meeting. George G. Brooks, the great Common Law Marriage Authority, in the Chair.

*President*: Mr. President—gentlemen, I mean—the object of this meeting is to abolish the Code of Virginia. We came here to study law.

*Daniel*: Psychologically and sociologically you are approximately correct. The Florida Club may use the Revised Statutes, which my generosity has placed in the library. Come to my home at 8:00 tomorrow night and I won't meet you. At Sewanee I never kept engagements.

*Ware*: Mr. President, let us appoint a Committee to temporize with the authorities concerning the Code.

*Swearerger*: Lieut. Wilson and myself have been grossly deceived. We were told that Florida Statutes were the text here. Why not move the University to Bartow?

*President*: That's what I say. As Mr. Browne, the founder of the Jeffersonian Democracy would say, "let us get our money's worth."

*Malone*: You have quoted Mr. Browne incorrectly. Be more careful of your authority; remember how I won the "Senator" debate.

*Foster*: Why should not Lieut. Wilson play on the team? He has wasted two days this month in the class room?

*Knowles*: According to Garcias Care, the burden of proof of an alibi is on the accused.

*Corbett*: Sooner would I exist in the Everglades of Florida than dwell with the antedeluvian aristocracy of the fossilized State of Virginia. The best part of these people, like potatoes, is under the ground.

*President*: Gentlemen, you are out of order; this is no bureau of complaint. What shall we do with the Code? Let's burn it at the stake.

Tuten (Celebrated for his eloquent adjournment motions) moved adjournment for the tragedy, and the Club did so.





## Staunton Club.

Omitted under the head of Local Option in the Catalogue.

---

"Ship me somewhere North of Staunton,  
Where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no ten commandments,  
And a man can raise a thirst."

---

Motto : Glass! Handle with Care!

Yell : Hello, Staunton! Give me Barman Bros.

---

## Members in Universitate.

(SUB ROSA.)

---

## Members in Facultate.

SEE EXPRESS COMPANY'S RECEIPT BOOKS.

---

CHIEF SOCIAL FUNCTIONS: QUARTERLY GRAND JURY SOIRES.

---

## Members in Urbe.

SHYLOCK HOLMES McDOWELL.

# THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB.



Holds Deliberations and Liquidations every two weeks.

## Members in Facultate.

JOIN L.  
JUDAS ROGUE.  
SVENGALI CURRELL.  
MIKE DENNY.  
OLD DAVY.  
BABY WILLIS.  
BILL VANCE.  
DUNLORA.  
JIM CROW.  
SISSY STEVENS.  
JIMMIE HOWE.  
OLD ALEX.  
H. A.  
OLD HARRY.  
ABSQUE HOE BURKS, Esq.  
HARRY TUCKER.

## Means of Transportation to and from Meetings.

TO MEETINGS—ON FOOT.  
FROM MEETINGS—?

(None of the members have physicians' certificates of ill-health, but most of them are usually unable to walk both ways.)

Pages from the books of the Secretary and the Treasurer follow. These were found accidentally, and their loss has caused the owners much anxiety.

*SISSI STEVENS, Treasurer of Fortnightly Club.*

Dr.			Cr.			106
1901 Jan. 1.	To Cash	\$17.32 3-8	1901 Feb. 1.	By So. Ex. Co., for C. O. D. Pkge of marked "glass."		5.02
			Mch. 1.	By U. S. Ex. Co. for C. O. D. box, excelsior lined, containing extra fine XXX—		7.03

## Minutes of Last Meeting.

(DR. JUDAS HOGUE, Secretary of the Fortnightly Club.)

Meeting was called to order at  $3\frac{3}{4}$  minutes past 8. Harry Tucker was  $59\frac{1}{2}$  seconds late. (Would that my marking system were in vogue here!) Harry Campbell gave his ludicrous account of his trip to Vesuvius. (How the students would have enjoyed hearing it again!) Jim Crow very amusingly told how they court girls in Germany. Jimmie Howe spoke voluminously on various subjects. (How he bores me! He does monopolize a conversation! That's why I like H. A.—when he opens up he says something.) Bill Vance delivered his 69th talk on Paris. (How much he must have learned on that trip!) Sissy Stevens, Treasurer, asked for a new assessment, as express rates were exorbitantly high, owing to the internal revenue laws. He also wanted to pay for a Spencerian pen point, No. 2, said to be steel, which he had gotten from Stuart's to write up his books. Doctor Quarles proposed that Absque Hoe be expelled if he persisted in reading the Code during meetings of the club. Mike Denny sang his new anthem, entitled "How I Love Athletics," Sissy Stevens accompanying him with his tuning fork. Svengali related some jokes. (Ah, how some men's minds do run!)

All business being transacted, John L., caterer to the club opened a box which had come by express. Baby Willis woke up and all regaled themselves heartily except the Secretary. (I-I-I went home and Davy did, too, because his wife raised sand the last time he stayed till all the fellows left. I do hope they all got home safely, and met no students as they were taking each other across the Campus. My, how I would like to be young again like some of the boys, but, as Socrates says, married men must go home early.) Jim Crow invited us to his room next meeting and said he'd give us a gay old time. (I'm afraid Davy and I can't stay.)

JUDAS HOGUE, Secretary.

NOTE.—The parts in parenthesis are the Secretary's personal feelings, intended only for his own perusal.



## Camera Club.

---

O. T. FREAMSTER.....Chief Kodak Fiend  
J. E. CORLEY .....Frenzied Snap-Shooter  
R. C. LORD.....Flashlight Specialist

---

## Demons.

COOPER.

PROF. STEVENS.

DR. HOWE.

RING.

YOUNG.

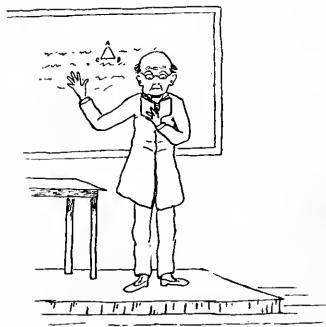
WITT.

TURNER.

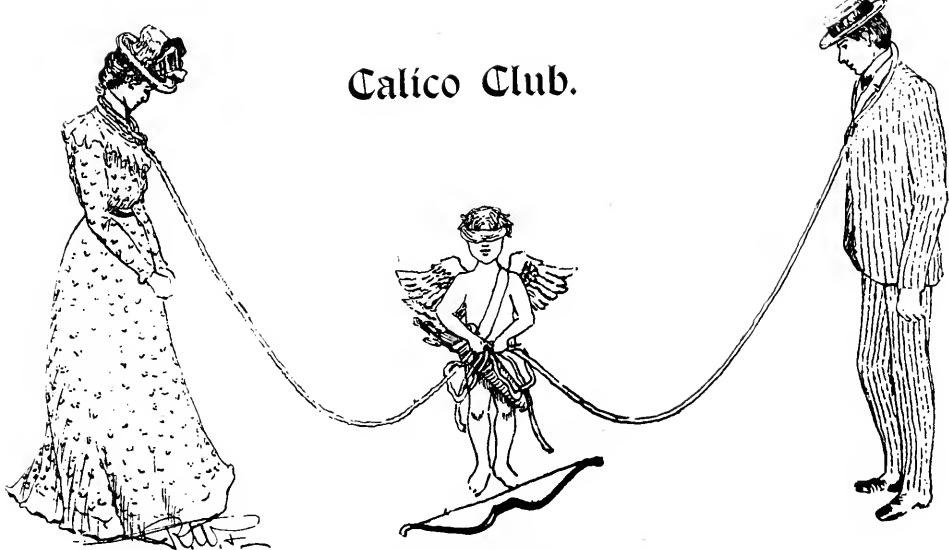
GRAYBILL.

---

## Snapshots.



# Calico Club.



## Consummate Calicoists.

R. H. ALLEN.

S. C. BAGLEY.  
COOKE.

GOOLSBY.

W. C. YOUNG.

TABB.

CORBETT.

W. C. YOUNG.

CONRAD.

KNIPMEYER.

OSBURN.

PANCAKE.

PHELPS.

DUNCAN.

PENDLETON.

ELGIN.

HETH.

SYDENSTRICKER.

## Six Nights a Week.

COOPER.

ANDREWS.

GOSHORN.

DOWNEY.

KEEBLE.

LORD.

MCDOWELL.  
LAMAR.

## All the Time.

BOAZ.

SANDERS.

FEAMSTER.

STONE.

## A Calic's Lament.

I've had a host of beaux, 'tis true,  
But life is short (aged eighty-two!)

## A Sophomoric Lay.

---

Of athletes naught-three has a goodly number  
And its members have no lack of tongue ;  
But if his genius would awaken from its slumber,  
The world would know it all from "Mote" McClung.

When they struggle with the freshmen in the matin,  
They make the air resound with war-like yelps ;  
But no sound comes from that fiend of Greek and Latin,  
The sage and solemn Richard Roscoe Phelps.

There's another one who, buried in his book leaves,  
Cannot tell a three-spot from a deuce ;  
So ignorant of the world is he, it grieves  
To think of poor old book-worm, Harry Huse.

The class also has many wicked sinners,  
And many who are known to be quite tough ;  
But of the medicine they give poor fresh beginners,  
The worst dose of it all—poor things—its Ruff.



GLEE CLUB



## Washington and Lee University Glee and Mandolin Club.

W. D. COOKE, PRESIDENT.

R. W. CRAWFORD, DIRECTOR.

W. DAVIS CONRAD, BUSINESS MANAGER.

---

### Mandolin Club.

#### Guitars:

COOKE. DENNIS. HALL. TUCKER. SHIVELY. PENDLETON.

#### Mandolins:

PANCAKE. CRAWFORD. FEAMSTER. MCRAE. MCPHEETERS. TURNER, T. C.

Violins: MCRAE, FEAMSTER.

Banjeurine: HALL.

Banjo: WARNER. Violoncello: GOSHORN. Piano: SMILEY, G. R., SMILEY, A. T.

---

### Glee Club.

#### First Tenors:

BOOKER. GLASS, W. W.. HALL. CRAWFORD.

#### Second Tenors:

TUCKER. COOKE. PANCAKE.

First Basses: BAKER, GLASS, J. W., TABB.

Second Basses: DANIELS, TUCKER, SHIVELY.

---

### The Black Diamond Quartette.

BOOKER.....	FIRST TENOR
CRAWFORD.....	SECOND TENOR
BAKER.....	FIRST BASS
TUCKER.....	SECOND BASS





# Washington and Lee University Cotillion Club.

---

## Officers.

C. R. ROBINSON..... PRESIDENT  
W. D. CONRAD..... SECRETARY AND TREASURER

---

## Members.

W. D. COOKE.  
E. D. PRICE.  
J. C. McCLUER.  
R. RING.  
J. R. TUCKER.  
C. A. BOAZ.  
F. W. GOSHORN.  
  
H. D. MOISE.  
H. S. OSBURN.  
R. H. ALLEN.  
R. P. DANIEL.  
A. H. S. ROUSS.  
E. E. BOOKER.  
G. S. HAIRSTON.



AFTER THE BALL.



## **Final Ball.**

---

### **President.**

COLEMAN RODGERS ROBINSON.

---

### **Executive Committee.**

F. W. GOSHORN, CHAIRMAN.  
W. W. GLASS.  
W. J. LAUCK.

E. R. PRESTON.  
W. D. COOKE.  
J. W. BAGLEY.

ROBERT RING.  
HRNRY HALL.

W. D. CONRAD, CHAIRMAN.  
R. C. BIGGS.

M. P. ANDREWS.  
S. MCP. GLASGOW.

J. E. ARBUCKLE.  
C. S. McNULTY.

### **Arrangement Committee.**

H. D. MOISE, CHAIRMAN.  
B. B. SHIVELY.

E. E. BOOKER.  
R. W. CRAWFORD.

STOCKTON HETH.

S. C. BAGLEY, CHAIRMAN.  
T. A. BLEDSOE.

W. S. ROBERTSON.  
G. B. SHIELDS.

H. HARBY, JR.

*THE SPORT'S CAREER.*

---

*With "beer for two" his sport begun;  
It ended up with bier for one!*

—H. C. F.

---



“SHE.”

---

*I can but swear by all that's good—  
All in that sky above her—  
Through all reverses life can bring  
I ne'er shall cease to love her.*

—H. C. F.

# ATHLETICS





CHAS. S. McNULTY, '02.....PRESIDENT  
R. W. CRAWFORD, '02.....VICE-PRESIDENT  
M. P. ANDREWS, '01.....SECRETARY  
T. A. BLEDSOE, '01.....TREASURER

---

### Football.

T. A. BLEDSOE.....CAPTAIN  
F. W. GOSHORN.....MANAGER  
WM. WERTENBAKER.....COACH

---

### Baseball.

M. P. ANDREWS.....CAPTAIN  
W. J. LAUCK.....MANAGER

---

### Committees.

#### Advisory.

PROFESSOR D. C. HUMPHREYS } .....FACULTY  
PROFESSOR H. D. CAMPBELL } .....FACULTY  
W. S. HOPKINS, Esq.....ALUMNI  
CHAS. S. McNULTY } .....STUDENTS  
R. W. CRAWFORD } .....STUDENTS

---

### Boat Clubs.

#### Harry Lee:

W. T. ELLIS, '02.  
CHAS. S. McNULTY  
WM. ALLAN, '02

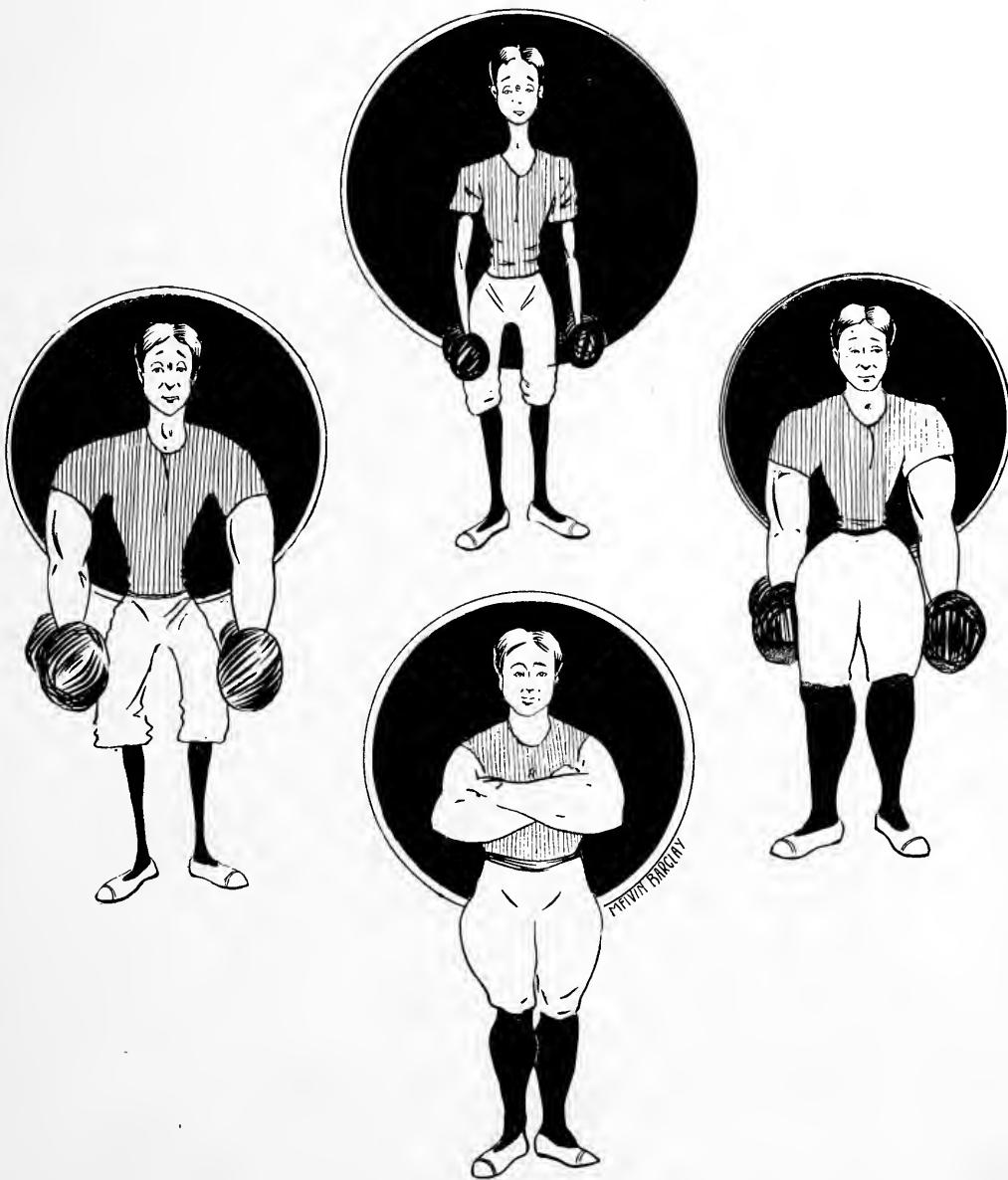
#### Albert Sidney:

J. R. TUCKER.  
A. G. JENKINS.  
J. OBERLIN, '01.

---

### Track Athletics.

HENRY HALL, '03. SAMUEL McP. GLASGOW.



EVOLUTION OF AN ATHLETE.



## Foot Ball.

---

F. W. GOSHORN, MANAGER.

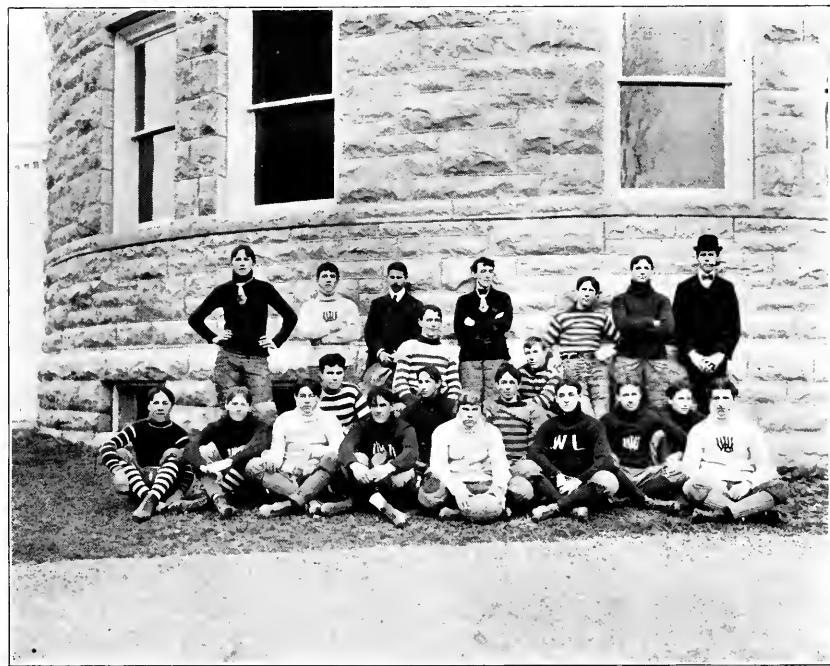
T. A. BLEDSOE, CAPTAIN.

WM. WERTENBAKER, COACH.

---

## Team.

CENTER RUSH.....	R. H. ALLEN.
LEFT GUARD.....	HUTCHESON AND CROCKETT.
RIGHT GUARD.....	W. T. ELLIS AND TRUNDEL.
LEFT TACKLE.....	MCNULTY AND FIELDER.
RIGHT TACKLE.....	WHIPPLE AND HAW.
LEFT END.....	T. A. BLEDSOE.
RIGHT END.....	SWARTZ AND A. M. SMITH.
QUARTER BACK.....	HALL, GRAVES AND W. ALLEN.
LEFT HALF BACK.....	C. F. MONTGOMERY AND P. ROBINSON.
RIGHT HALF BACK.....	FOSTER AND W. L. THOMPSON.
FULL BACK .....	BOOKER AND BOOGHER.





## Base Ball Team.

---

W. J. LAUCK—MANAGER.

B. D. CAUSEY—ASSISTANT MANAGER.

M. P. ANDREWS—CAPTAIN.

---

J. W. BAGLEY—CATCH.

W. A. BAKER—PITCH AND LEFT FIELD.

R. W. CRAWFORD—THIRD BASE AND PITCH.

M. P. ANDREWS—PITCH AND LEFT FIELD.

S. C. BAGLEY—SHORTSTOP.

C. F. SPENCER—FIRST BASE.

A. McD. SMITH—SECOND BASE.

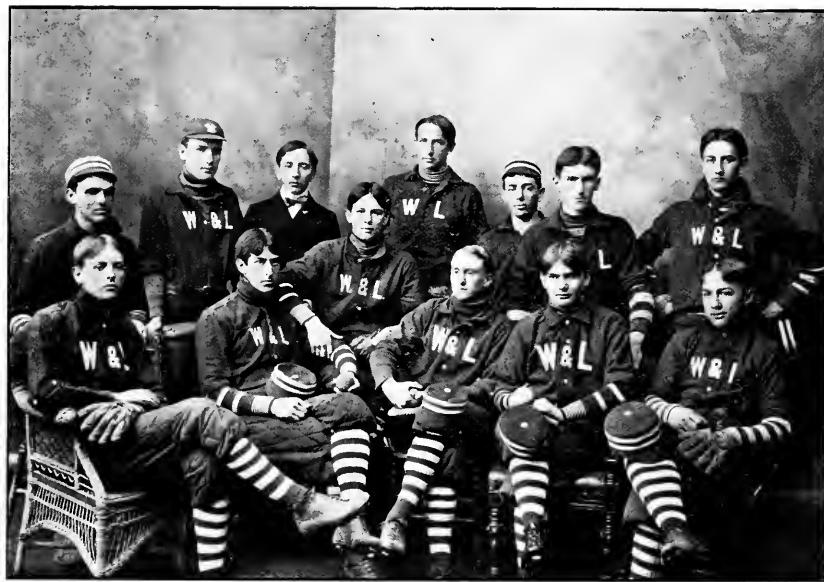
H. M. FOX—CENTRE FIELD.

E. W. G. BOOGHER—RIGHT FIELD.

---

## Substitutes.

C. F. MONTGOMERY.      M. A. BRECKENRIDGE.      W. L. THOMPSON.





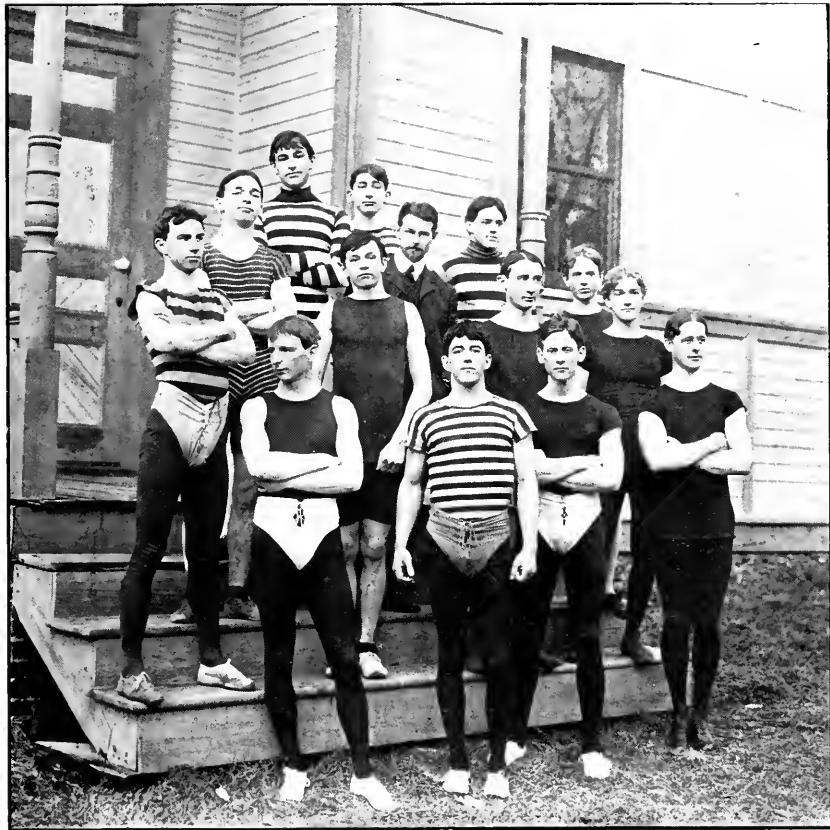
## Gymnasium

WILLIAM WERTENBAKER, . . . . . PHYSICAL DIRECTOR  
HENRY HALL, . . . . . CAPTAIN

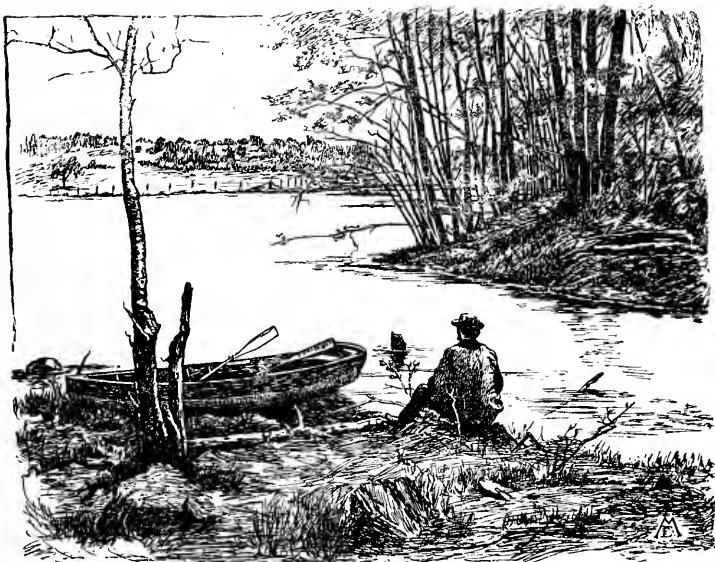
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### Members.

J. C. MCPHEETERS.	T. G. STONE.	G. G. WORTHEN.
S. MCP. GLASGOW.	W. G. PENDLETON.	C. DAVIS.
F. N. JOHNSON.	E. L. MOFFETT.	H. HALL.
M. P. BURKS, JR.	J. M. ANDERSON.	J. W. WARNER.
G. HAW.		







BOATING.

# Annual Regatta.

JUNE 18th, 1900.

---

## Harry Lee.

W. T. ELLIS, JR.—STROKE.  
H. C. COE—No. 2.  
C. S. McNULTY—No. 3.  
HENRY HALL—No. 4.  
R. W. McCRUM—coxswain.

---

## Albert Sydney.

C. P. OBENSCHAIN—STROKE.  
R. D. THOMPSON—No. 2.  
J. McC. SIEG—No. 3.  
H. D. MOISE—No. 4.  
H. R. KEEBLE—coxswain.

---

## Record of Races Since 1874.

'74—(Draw.)	'88—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'75—HARRY LEE.	'89—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'76—ALBERT SYDNEY.	'90—HARRY LEE.
'77—HARRY LEE.	'91—(No Race.)
'78—ALBERT SYDNEY.	'92—HARRY LEE.
'79—HARRY LEE.	'93—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'80—HARRY LEE.	'94—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'81—ALBERT SYDNEY.	'95—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'82—ALBERT SYDNEY.	'96—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'83—(Draw.)	'97—HARRY LEE.
'84—(No Race.)	'98—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'85—HARRY LEE.	'99—HARRY LEE..
'86—HARRY LEE.	'00—ALBERT SYDNEY.
'87—HARRY LEE.	'01—(?)

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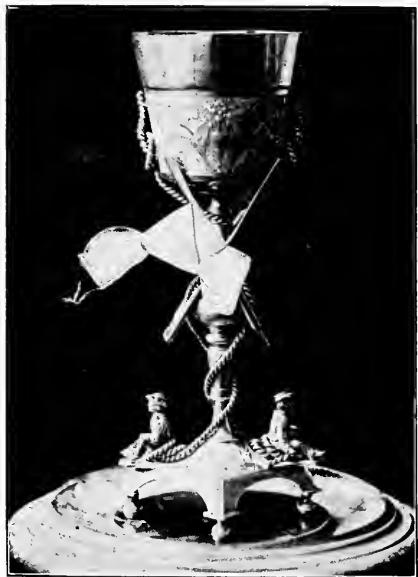
## Victories.

HARRY LEE—11.

ALBERT SYDNEY—12.



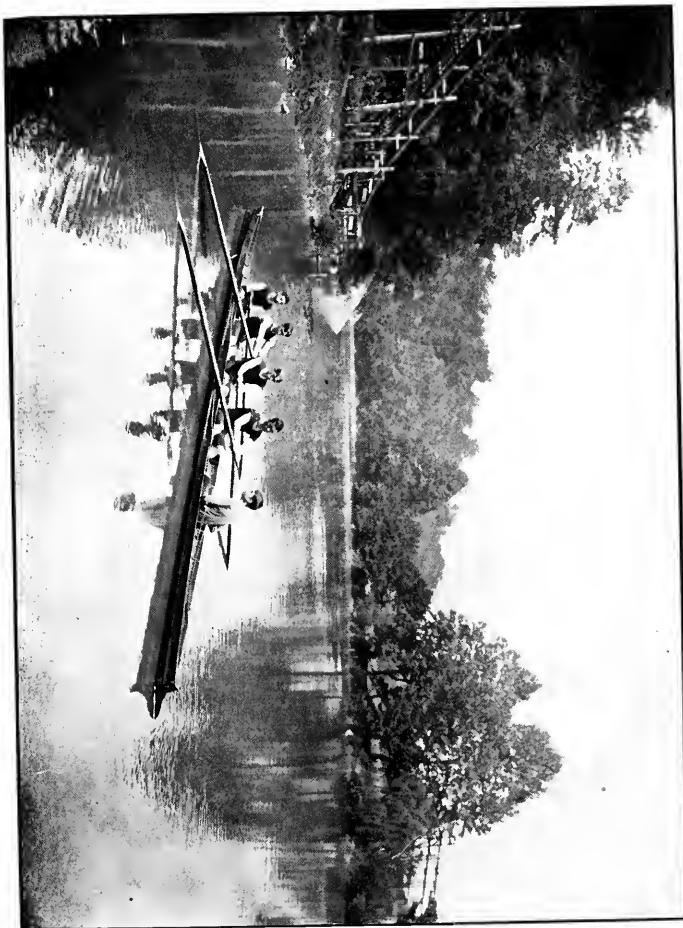
LAUNCHING OF THE ANNIE JOE II.



PINCKNEY PRIZE CUP.



LOVERS' LEAP.



ALBERT SIDNEY CREW, '00 WINNERS

## MY IDOL.

---

Let the heathen have his idol,  
Made of costly gems and mud,  
But I'll stow my adoration  
On my own—of flesh and blood.



The sweetest, quaintest little maid  
I e'er have chanced to see,  
Through sympathy for purest love,  
Pretends she cares for me.  
No angel in bright paradise,  
No sportive nymph at sea  
Has eyes so bright, nor heart so warm,  
And yet she don't love me.

I have for her no word of blame ;  
Far be it from my mind  
To bring one sigh of care or pain  
To her whose greatest crime  
Consists of mild unselfishness,  
And makes her willingly  
Contort her friendship into love  
And feign she cares for me.

# YELLS



Ringtum Phi !  
Stickerf Bum !  
We're the stuff  
From Lexington !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
White and Blue !  
Whoopla ! Whoopla !  
W. L. U.

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
Rah ! Rah ! Ri !  
Albert Sidney !  
Hi ! Hi ! Hi !

Chicky-gorunk, gorunk, goree !  
Heigh-ho ! High-ho !  
Washington and Lee !  
Washington and Lee !  
Washington and Lee !  
Tiger !

Siss ! Boom ! Cuck-oo !

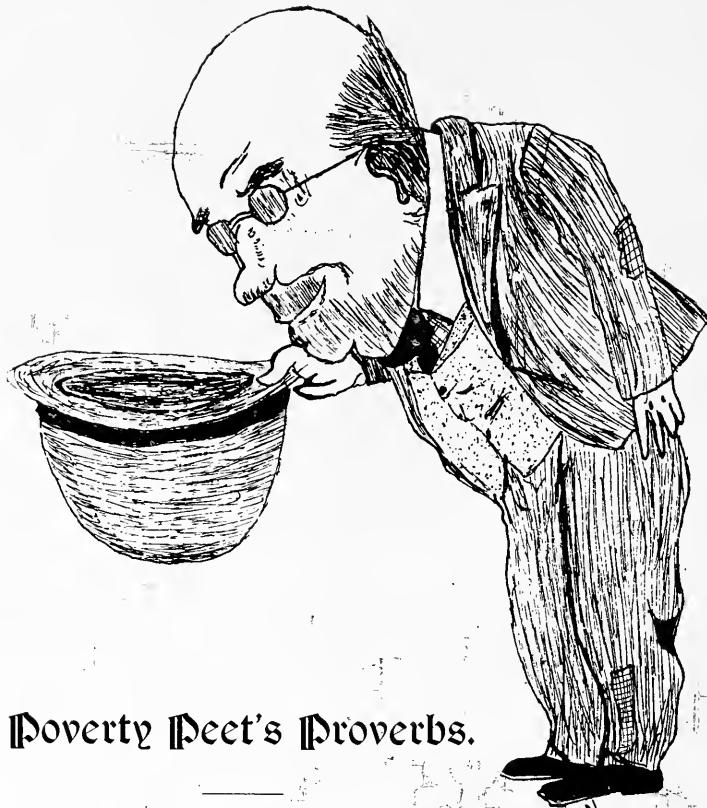
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
Rah ! Rah ! Ree !  
Ree ! Ree !  
Harry Lee !





The Stone Office Co.  
Print & Publish your  
Year





## Poverty Peet's Proverbs.

In sentimental love, a bustin' heart is a mighty funny thing to everybody 'cept the owner of the heart where's bustin'.

It is the scurviest runt that makes the biggest hog.

The fool loves; the wise man is beloved of others.

There are more tears in one small woman than there are in any ten men you can find; but there is more real sympathetic pity in one true man than there is in a whole horse-lot full of women.

Crying is one of the commonest ways women have of lying.

Friendship is like a corset; it is worth the pressure it will stand.

People as a rule have fewer fathers than any other relation.

A public servant is a person the public serves.

Unhappy the man who cannot fill his own britches.

When a man is out at heel, he is generally out of heart.

It is a lucky tramp that has trousers enough to cover all the legs he wears.

Common sense is the uncommonest sense of all.

Marriage is the outward manifestation of an inward distemper.  
Love is a thing that makes a man want to divide his name.  
A man that always thinks as you do is a very bright fellow.  
It is a dull sap-sucker that pecks all day on one log.  
Consider the English sparrows how they grow; not Solomon in all his glory was  
as prolific as one of these.

There never was a jackass yet but blamed a mule for not having a better voice.  
The blackbird may be the blackest bird, but he is not the only black bird.  
If matches are made in heaven, where do they get the sulphur from?  
The foot may be the most expressive feature a man has, when your back is  
turned.

The bee is not a good liver; he is very often torpid.

Women nowadays are too modest to speak the naked truth.

Shirts, shot-guns and champagne are the finishing touches which civilization puts  
on the heathen when it Christianizes him.

When the sluggard hath staid his stomach he still hath an appetite for sleep.

A hog scratches his ear because he *thinks* it itches.

What if the roller ran over the toad,  
It flatten'd the earth and made the road.

A hog is not always the biggest hog.

As Christian Science hath it, the colic is an imaginary pain in an imaginary part  
of the body known by the imaginary name of stomachache. It is merely an ideal.

'Tis not every man who is "on the hog," that rides.

A canine cur is the least objectionable kind.

Woman first showed man Satan in the Garden of Eden, and she has been making  
him see the devil ever since.

Love is made blind that he may not see the frauds that are currently practiced  
upon him.

Despair is derived from boiling down the dregs of the soul.

Melancholy is the cinder of mirth.

Show me a man that is truthful and I will show you a man who is honest.

Show me a girl who is truthful, and I will—faint.

The dog with the shortest tail is quickest over the fence.



## Modern Fables.



### I. The Folly of the Wise.

In the ancient city of Athens there once lived a great master. Under him was a company of teachers who taught the people from their little books. But, once a week, the great master would speak to his children from his heart, which was filled with wisdom, and the people gathered together gladly and hearkened to his words and grew wise.

At last the great master was gathered to his fathers, and the people hungered for his words. Then the teachers summoned them together once a week as beforetimes, and spoke to them after the custom of the master. But the words which they spoke were all taken from their little books. And the stories which they told and the things which they taught were familiar to the people, and they profited nothing by them. So many of them went away unsatisfied and came not again, saying, "These things have we heard in our infancy."

Then the teachers were filled with wrath, and made a decree, saying, "He who cometh not to the weekly assembly, and hearkeneth not to the ancient sayings which we shall teach from our little books, shall be punished even as a cutter of classes, and as a transgressor of the law." Thus were the people forced to finish their morning sleep upon the hard benches of the assembly room.

Moral : What the teachers can't find in their little books isn't worth knowing.

## II. Friendship.

---

There was once a dealer in cigarettes, chewing-gum, pink colored candies and other funeral promoters. If there was anything he didn't know the compilers forgot to put it in the Unabridged Encyclopedia. When it came to general information he could give the Sphynx cards



and spades, and then make her look like thirty cents. He had the bulge on her because he was not foolish enough to keep his statistics to himself. No, he was not short about *that*, in fact he was cut out for a Wednesday morning lecturer. However, he was born with an abnormal yearning for filthy lucre, and the yearning grew right along with his whiskers. With characteristic quickness of perception he saw from the start that students were afflicted with a superabundance of coin. His philanthropic disposition prompted him to relieve their embarrassment. Therefore he surnamed himself "The Students' Friend," and opened a junk-shop where they could buy most any old thing they didn't want.

No one ever entered his den without the spuds, or left it with any. The only trouble was inducing the more cautious to come within his sphere of influence. At first he offered as inducements the gratuitous distribution of peanuts and friendships. When this began to fail on the victims he would toss around a few of his choice observations on what other people didn't know. But when this choice menu failed to bring in a crop of suckers sufficient to satisfy his ambition, he put himself upon a diet of grape nuts and baled hay and thought the matter over for a week. At the end of the seventh day he jumped from the back counter, overturning a case of French liver extinguishers and exclaiming "Payupa," (which was his pet oath), he immediately ordered a slot machine. It came on the next train. The manufacturers evidently hadn't sent any lunch along, for it had an appetite like a Blue Hotel boarder. Its swallow was built on the Whal(ing) plan, but the Jonah it had swallowed had stayed with it and exerted its traditional influence over all players. By carefully systematized playing you could exchange five dollars for fifty cents worth of chewing gum and sardines. As a result the operator's hirsute appendage has grown five inches, and steel-cut engravings of his never-to-be-plagiarized mug adorns a large portion of our current literature.

MORAL: 1. Friendship, Fame and Fortune go hand in hand. 2. Nothing for something never fails to draw the Students' trade.



### III. Misguided Zeal.

---

In the Athens of the New World was situated a far famed institution of learning whither the youth gathered to receive instruction from the learned philosophers. Like all great men the philosophers had peculiar personal traits, and many of them bore historic names symbolic of their character.

Among them lived one, who for many moons had borne the name of a most notorious biblical character. Some said that ties of blood had secured for him this precious heritage, while others maintained, that the "eternal fitness of things" had so decreed.

Ofttimes questions would arise which concerned the welfare of the youths of Athens and the philosopher would commune with his spirit and ponder deeply that he might reach the most salutary solution of these questions. Skilled as he was in Attic lore this philosopher knew naught of logic nor could he hearken unto the voice of reason. This misfortune caused him to reach many sad and inexplicable conclusions. Nine youths who upheld the honor of athletics in Athens, were to meet and struggle with nine other youths for supremacy in a city nearby famed for its hills. In this city were many friends of the youths of Athens, who had in days gone received instruction from the philosophers of Athens and who loved her traditions and cherished her interests. Now, when these heard that the nine youths of Athens were to come among them there was much rejoicing and they said, "We will give a feast and make merry and the nine youths of Athens shall eat and drink with us for, verily, our love for them is great." So they commanded that much food be prepared and that wine be brought to the feast that all might in moderation partake thereof.

Now, when the philosopher who bore the biblical name heard that wine was to be served to the youths and he not among them, he was much vexed within himself and cried unto his spirit, "What shall I do?" A still small voice replied, "Obey the golden rule and thy ways shall be the ways of the just." But the philosopher heeded not and the more he pondered the matter he became the more vexed. At length he unloosed his trousers and swore a mighty oath: "By the blood of Socrates and the dust of Plato this thing shall not be!" and he sat him down and wrote as one in authority over the youths of Athens, and despatched letters to the friends of Athens in the City of Hills, declaring their course unwise and harmful and demanding its reversal. And the friends of Athens thinking of him as one in authority hearkened unto his words and the wine casks remained sealed. The friends likewise had compassion on the youths and they said, "We will not set before them a dry feast lest it choke them and the guilt be ours." The youths and their friends were sorely grieved and the philosopher pitied them not but blessed himself for his deed, considering it more easy for a Campbell to go through the eye of a needle than for one whose lips had tasted wine to enter into paradise.

Now when the youths found out who it was that had thwarted their pleasure they were exceeding wroth and reviled him saying, "The golden rule hath he broken, and hath turned against us." And all the youths of Athens threw kisses at him signifying "Thou art the man," But the philosopher heeded not, and sat daily in the synagogue and comforted himself with the delusion that his was the just course and the course of wisdom. Now, those who from pity looked on sadly smiled and wended their way.

MORAL—A Philosopher with all his saintly zeal and fear  
Can't frighten a Lazarus from selling his beer.



## IV. The Way of It.

---

Once upon a time two youths journeyed to the Athens of the South burning with the desire to mingle with the sages, and to sit at the feet of the philosophers of whose marvelous learning they had heard so many marvelous stories. One came from down by the sea, and the other from up in the mountains. For full two years did they roam the streets, and stand in the market-ways of Athens, listening to the words of the great philosophers and moulding their lives after the teachings of these great ones. The philosophers saw this and were glad. They looked upon the two youths with hope and expectation, and rewarded them with medals made of fine gold, and encouraged them with presents of money called scholarships. And the youths grew and waxed strong in knowledge and in favor with the sages and philosophers.

All this continued for many days, and then the two youths began to frequent the offices where a weekly paper was printed by the other youths of Athens; and the paper pleased the youths, and they said unto the youths from the mountains and the sea, go ye and publish for us an annual named after the cup of the flower. And the two youths did as they were commanded. And while they were doing this, behold nine other youths of Athens, who played games with a ball, came running and said: "Come! follow us! We have no one to carry the bag, and to collect and distribute our monies. We are in need of a manager." And again the two youths from the mountains and the sea did as they were commanded.

And thus the two youths became exceedingly busy, and resorted no more to the places where the sages and philosophers taught divers things, and cut the quiz and examination days of these great men of learning. And the philosophers saw that the seats of these two youths were vacant, and became exceedingly wroth. And one Monday afternoon were the philosophers gathered together in one place, and they communed with themselves concerning the two youths, and many reviled them, saying: "They have deserted our way, and have been basely ungrateful." But one philosopher, who had come from the Northwest, arose and defended the two youths, saying, "The work they are doing is good for them; it will surely profit them in after years." And when the two youths heard this they called the young philosopher blessed.

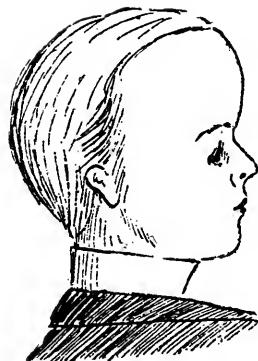
And the two youths, although they loved to hear the words of the philosophers, were compelled to stay away, and to work on the paper and the Annual, and to carry the monies of the nine youths who played baseball. And they labored hard and hoped for great commendation, when, lo, when their work was completed the other youths of Athens became angry and criticized them, saying: "The paper is no good; the Annual is verily punk, and you have sold the championship of the South to Roanoke College for eighteen pieces of silver, and have permitted the nine youths who play ball to revel in worldly amusement. And the great philosophers also criticized the two youths, and reviled them, and drove them away, saying, "You have not made 65 on exams." And the two youths were exceedingly sorrowful and joined the S. B. C., and fled to their homes, one to the mountains and one to the sea.

MORAL: Unless you look for a reward hereafter, never take charge of any college enterprise.

*The Goddess of the Fresh and Green,  
Alas, we cannot name her;  
When greener still and far more fresh  
Is Frederick W. Cramer.*



ANDERSON RETURNING FROM CHURCH.



*Such splendid specimens of youth,  
We do not meet but rarely;  
A blessing to the world, forsooth.  
That they are scattered sparingly.  
—Hamilton Brothers.*



## Quotations.

---

“Fantastic, frolicsome and wild  
With all the trinkets of a child.”—*Cramer*.  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.  
—*Whipple*.

The helpless look of blooming infancy.  
—*Triplett*.

He bore  
A paunch of mighty bulk before,  
Which still he had a special care  
To keep well crammed with thrifty fare.  
—*Wilson, M. A.*

Their various cares in one great point combine  
The business of their lives—that is, *to dine*.—*Blain and White*.

From a safe point 'tis easy to give counsel.—*Prof. Campbell*.

The “ignis fatuus” that bewitches  
And leads men into pools and ditches.—*L. Lazarus*.

Learning by study must be won,  
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.—*J. R. Tucker*.

Besides 'tis known he could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs do squeak.—*Hogue*.

His very name a title page, and next  
His life a commentary on the text.—*Witt*,  
None but thyself can be thy parallel.—*Glasgow*.

Dreading the climax of all human ills,  
The inflammation of his weekly bills.—*Keeble*.

Beyond all contradiction  
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.—*Hankins*.

For many a lad returns from school  
A Latin, Greek and Hebrew fool;  
In arts and knowledge still a block,  
Tho' deeply skilled in *hic, haec, hoc*.—*Phelps*.

Explaining metaphysics to the nation—  
I wish he would explain his explanation.—*Dr. Quarles.*

Unwept, unhonored and unsung.—*Geo. Hairston.*

That which I am, I am; I did not seek  
This life, nor did I make myself.—*Foster.*

Love will find its way  
Thro' paths where wolves would fear to prey.—*Goshorn.*

Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.—*Goolsby and Corbett.*

Only this is sure:  
In this world naught, save misery, can endure.—*T. A. Bledsoe.*

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
That none but poets know.—*T. C. Wilson.*

Unjust decrees they make and call them just,  
And we submit to them, because we must.—*The Faculty.*

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still!  
Is human love the growth of human will?—*Prof. Stevens.*

O, there's nothing half so sweet  
As love's young dream.—*Allen.*

By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's band.—*Parks.*

Brief, brave and glorious was his young career.—*Henry.*

And nothing's so perverse in nature,  
As a profound opinionator.—*Dr. Howe.*

And now, fair ladies, one and all adieu,  
Good luck, good husbands and good bye to you.—*Lexington Calic.*



LIBERTY HALL.

## *My Two-Fingers Girl.*



*Why call her my little "Two-fingers Girl!"  
She 'as only two fingers you think?  
No, no; but she isn't much more for a girl  
Than two-fingers is for a drink.*

---



*Here's William G. McDowell,  
Kind people do not faint,  
For his artificial halo means,  
He's a type of the college saint.*

---

## *The Crow.*

*His head is black, his heart is too,  
And the whole blamed bird is black clean through!*



Frontispiece.....	3	
Editorial Board of THE CALYX.....	3-5	
Greeting.....	6	
Preface.....	9	
In Memoriam.....	10	
Picture of William Lyne Wilson.....	11	
Calendar.....	12	
Interlude.....	13	
Corporation.....	15	
Faculty and Officers (with picture).....	16-18	
Alumni Association.....	19	
Our Fallen Chieftain (poem).....	20	
<b>ACADEMIA :</b>		
My Dream.....	22	
Senior Class Roll (with picture).....	24-27	
History of Seniors.....	28-30	
Head of Lee (picture).....	31	
Class of 1902.....	32, 33	
History of Class of 1902.....	34-37	
Class of 1903.....	38, 39	
Class of 1904.....	40-42	
<b>LAW DEPARTMENT :</b>		
Senior Law Class (with picture)....	46-48	
History of Law Class of 1901.....	49, 50	
Ye Song of Ye Younge Man of Lawe (Poem).....	53, 54	
Junior Law Class.....	55, 56	
<b>LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL :</b>		
In Memoriam (Poem).....	58	
William Lyne Wilson (Illus.).....	59-64	
Lee Memorial Church (Picture)....	65	
Looking over a few quiet, orderly Sunday-like P. O. cases (picture)	66	
Letter from Ex-President Cleveland	67	
Letter from President McKinley...	68	
W. L. Wilson as a Public Man (by W. J. Bryan).....	69 -	
William L. Wilson as a Public Man (by Charles S. Fairchild).....	70	
William L. Wilson as an Educator (by J. Lawrence Laughlin).....	71	
William L. Wilson as a College President (by H. Parker Willis).....	72, 73	
William Lyne Wilson as a Soldier (by Charles T. O'Ferrall).....	74, 75	
William L. Wilson as a Boy and as a Soldier (by Rob. T. Craighill).....	76, 77	
The Undiscovered Diamond (Poem).....	78	
William C. Preston (Picture).....	79	
<b>PUBLICATIONS :</b>		
The Southern Collegian (with Picture).....	82-85	
The Ring-Tum Phi (with picture).....	86, 87	
The Calyx.....	88, 89	
Washington and Lee University— Historical Papers No. 3.....	90	
<b>RANCHES :</b>		
Preston Ranch.....	92, 93	
S. O. Campbell's Ranch.....	94, 95	
Campbell's Ranch .....	96, 97	
Central House, alias Rockbridge Hotel.....	98	
Booker Ranch.....	99	
Bratton Ranch.....	100	
Davidson Ranch.....	101	
The White House.....	102, 103	
The Freshman's Luck (Poem).....	104	
The Athenian Astrologer.....	105-108	
<b>FRATERNITIES :</b>		
Kappa Alpha Fraternity (with picture).....	110, 111	
Zeta Chapter of Sigma Chi (with picture).....	112, 113	
Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity (with picture).....	114, 115	
Sigma Nu Fraternity (with picture).....	116, 117	
Virginia Zeta Chapter of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity (with picture).....	118, 119	

Alpha-Alpha Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma (with picture).....	120, 121
Virginia Beta Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi (with picture).....	122, 123
Virginia Sigma Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.....	124, 125
Delta Tau Delta Fraternity (with picture).....	126, 127
Virginia Alpha Chapter of Mu Pi Lambda (with picture).....	128, 129
Theta Nu Epsilon.....	130-131
Fraternity Yells.....	133
S. B. C.....	134
Sigma .....	135
Nonsense Verses.....	136
The Faculty at One of Their Favorite Sports (Cartoon).....	137
Past and Present (Poem).....	139
A Chat with Old George.....	140-142
A Parting Sigh (Poem).....	143
Types of Southern Beauty (Picture).....	144
MISCELLANEOUS:	
Alva Esten (Poem).....	146-150
The Redemption of the Trio.....	151-156
Poem.....	157
Innocents (Poem).....	158-160
The Professor.....	161-166
Poem.....	167
Plitty Man (Poem).....	168
Why the Young Man Didn't Pay Up.....	169-171
A Last Farewell (Poem).....	172
SOCIETIES AND CLUBS:	
Y. M. C. A.....	174
Graham Lee Literary Society .....	175, 176
Washington Literary Society.....	177, 178
Winners of University Medals.....	179
Press Club.....	180
Kentucky Club.....	181, 182
West Virginia Club.....	183
Texas Club.....	184
Florida Club.....	185, 186
Staunton Club.....	187
Fortnightly Club.....	188, 189
Camera Club.....	190
Calico Club.....	191
A Sophomoric Lay.....	192
Washington and Lee Glee and Mandolin Club (with picture)....	194
Cotillion Club.....	197
Final Ball.....	198, 199
The Sport's Career (Poem).....	200
She (Poem).....	200
ATHLETICS:	
Athletic Association.....	202
Evolution of an Athlete (Picture).....	203
Football Team (with picture).....	204, 205
Baseball Team (with picture).....	206, 207
Gymnasium Team (with picture).....	208, 209
Boating (Picture) .....	211
Annual Regatta.....	212
Launching of the Annie Joe II. (picture) .....	213
Pineckney Prize Cup (picture).....	214
Lovers' Leap (picture).....	214
Albert Sidney Crew, '00 Winners (picture).....	215
My Idol (Poem) .....	216
College Yells.....	217
Passing Show (picture).....	219
Poverty Peet's Proverbs.....	220, 221
MODERN FABLES:	
I. The Folly of the Wise.....	222
II. Friendship .....	223
III. Misguided Zeal.....	224
IV. The Way of It.....	225.
Poem.....	226
Quotations.....	227, 228
Poems.....	229
Advertisements.	
"Beyond the End" (Picture).	





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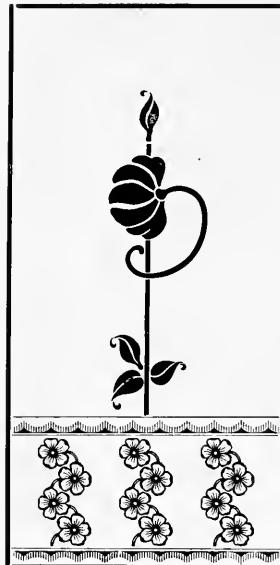
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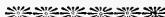
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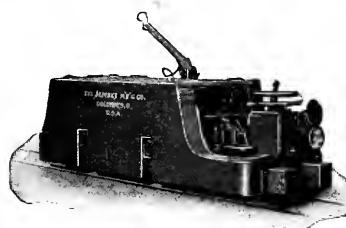
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